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JUNE 12, 1981

BAD NEWS FROM THE SPOOKS —see page 655

NATIONAL REVIEW

FASTER IN WARSAW

JOHN LUKACS

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The Modern Little Red Hen.

Once upon a time, there was a little red hen who scratched about the barnyard until she uncovered some grains of wheat. She called her neighbors and said, "If we plant this wheat, we shall have bread to eat. Who will help me plant it?"

"Not I," said the cow.

"Not I," said the duck.

"Not I," said the pig.

"Not I," said the goose.

"Then I will," said the little red hen. And she did. The wheat grew tall and ripened into golden grain. "Who will help me reap my wheat?" asked the little red hen.

"Not I," said the duck.

"Out of my classification," said the pig.

"I'd lose my seniority," said the cow.

"I'd lose my unemployment compensation," said the goose.

"Then I will," said the little red hen, and she did.

At last it came time to bake the bread. "Who will help me bake the bread?" asked the little red hen.

"That would be overtime for me," said the cow.

"I'd lose my welfare benefits," said the duck.

"I'm a dropout and never learned how," said the pig.

"If I'm to be the only helper, that's discrimination," said the goose.

"Then I will," said the little red hen.

She baked five loaves and held them up for her neighbors to see.

They all wanted some and, in fact, demanded a share. But the little red hen said, "No, I can eat the five loaves myself."

"Excess profits!" cried the cow.

"Capitalist leech!" screamed the duck.

"I demand equal rights!" yelled the goose.

And the pig just grunted. And they painted "unfair" picket signs and marched round and round the little red hen, shouting obscenities.

When the government agent came, he said to the little red hen, "You must not be greedy."

"But I earned the bread," said the little red hen.

"Exactly," said the agent. "That is the wonderful free enterprise system. Anyone in the barnyard can earn as much as he wants. But under our modern government regulations, the productive workers must divide their product with the idle."

And they lived happily ever after, including the little red hen, who smiled and clucked, "I am grateful. I am grateful."

But her neighbors wondered why she never again baked any more bread.

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NATIONAL REVIEW

JUNE 12, 1981
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The Cover

658 Easter in Warsaw

". . . What happened in Poland, what is happening in Poland, is a slow earthquake, a development of tremendous dimensions. It involves, less than one hundred years after the death of Marx, the death of Communism, not only in Poland but in all of Europe, except that Poland, in this respect, is ahead of the rest of Europe: for in Poland not only has Communism died, it is there being buried. . . ."

John Lukacs

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A member of the intelligence community, well-placed, laments that morale at the CIA is too high.

Neal B. Freeman

656 Reflections on Violence

Two ailing Catholics have been in the news, one a terrorist, the other a victim of terrorism. Which did the Left rally for? *Brian Crozier*

666 The Cuban Yoke

One-party rule, imprisonment without trial, torture of political opponents. Chile? Argentina? El Salvador? No—lovely Grenada. *Maxwell Harrow*

667 How Dangerous Is a Nuclear Reactor Melt-Down?

One Fonda can drown out a thousand scientists, so that by now most people would be stunned with disbelief to know how *safe* nuclear energy is. Safer, in fact, than coal—and for a simple reason.

Bernard L. Cohen

672 Sixth-Grade Textbooks

Was it mendacity or satire? Educator *Henrik D. Gideonse* accuses; New Journalist *Russell Kirk* replies.

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673 Elie Wiesel's new novel pursues the theme of anti-semitism—not in Nazi Germany, this time, but in Soviet Russia, where the relation of victim to persecutor is murkier. **Arnold Beichman** applauds, but wonders: What next? . . . Can the Nazi genocide still be made vivid, after so many gruesome repetitions? Aharon Appelfeld does it with imaginative subtlety in his novel *Badenheim 1939*, says **David Evanier**. . . . Anthony Burgess's big new novel—about a gay guy—is *almost* not worth reading, but **Mitchell S. Ross** can't quite censure a writer so robustly stylish. . . . **Thomas Mallon** accosts a biography of that great refugee from Bloomsbury, Rupert Brooke. . . . **Robert Bradley** welcomes a biography of the great Catholic libertarian, Lord Acton. . . . **Joseph Sobran** finds deep relevance to Christian concerns in Jacob Neusner's new book on the Holocaust, Zionism, and American Jews. . . . Melvin and Howard is just plain "enchanting," sings **John Simon**. . . . **Nika Hazelton** celebrates a pair of expensive pleasures.

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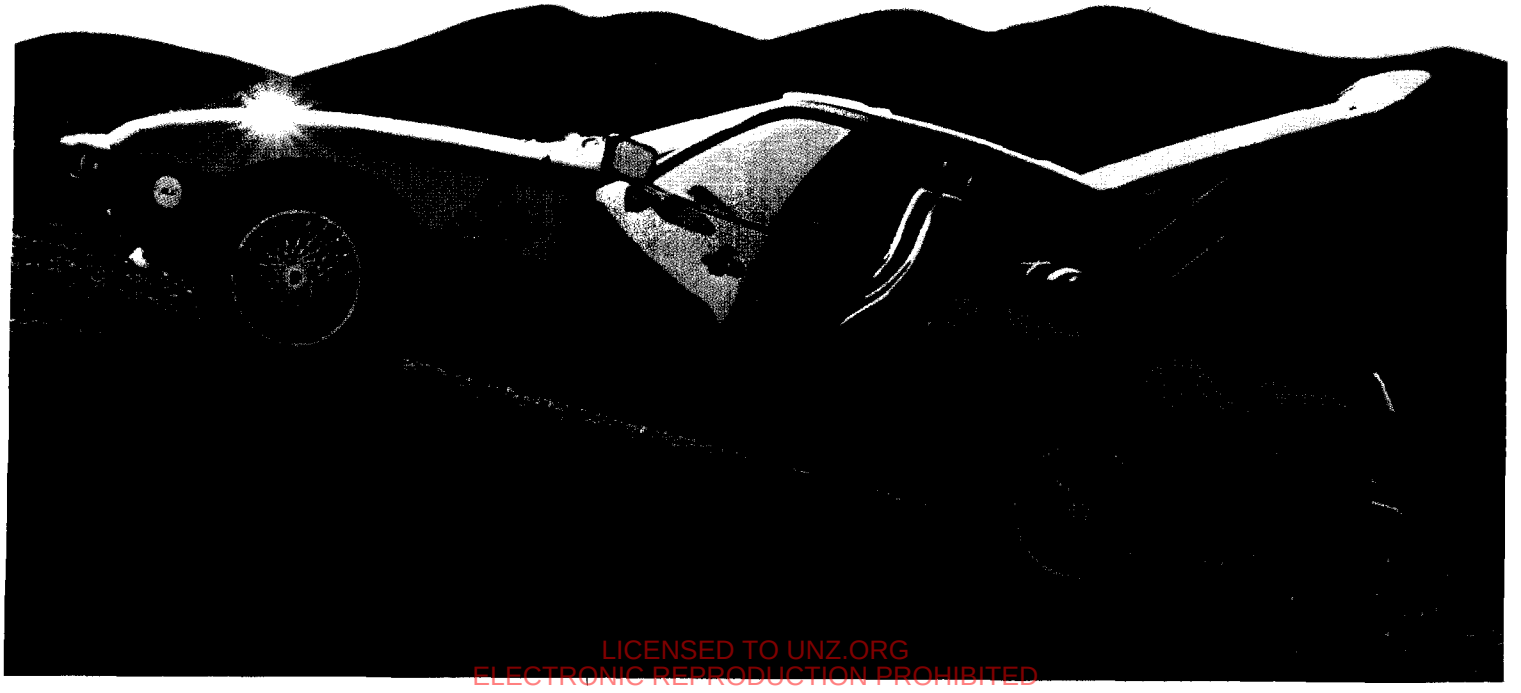

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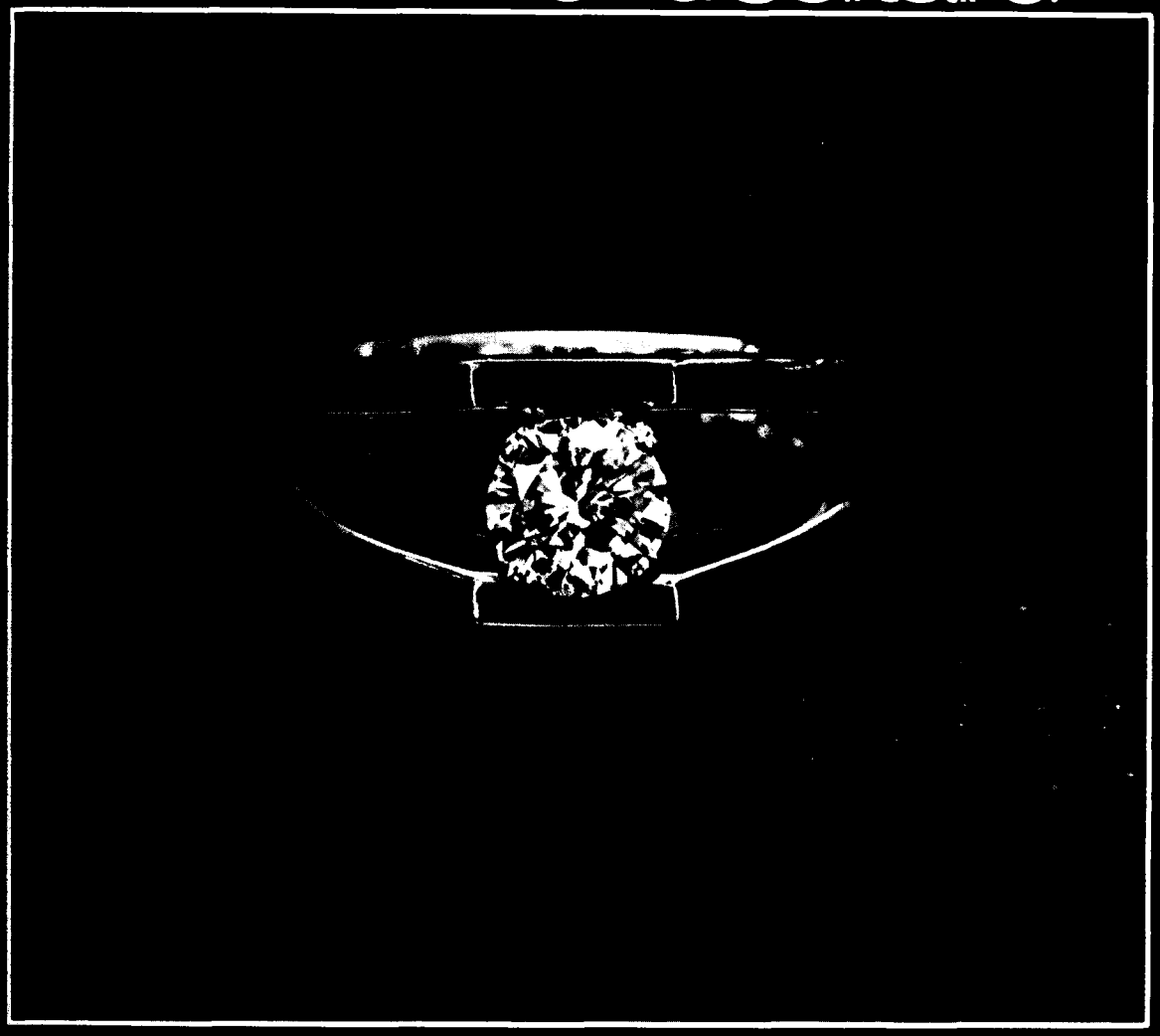
The diamond solitaire.



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Letters

The New Algebra

Three cheers for John Saxon ["Algebra Made Understandable," May 29.] Judging by the truly astounding results of his teaching methods, he has dealt a fatal blow to the already beleaguered proponents of the New Math. Perhaps, now that he has made algebra understandable, he can direct his clear eyes to other subjects, such as English, economics, and IRS forms.

Michael Martin
Los Angeles, Calif.

Gateway of Ideas

With regard to Thomas Howard's excellent and discouraging review of *The Sex Atlas* published by Seabury press ["The Coffee Table Sex Atlas," May 1], may I say that good and formative Anglican experience has not been much reflected, for some time now, by what Seabury chooses to print. Current access to C. S. Lewis, Charles Williams, and Dorothy Sayers, for example, is provided by Eerdmans and Macmillan.

A good number of us Episcopal readers are disappointed by the sort of stuff coming out of Seabury nowadays, and we are not buying it.

(Rev.) Patrick Henry Reardon
Church of the Resurrection
Oklahoma City, Okla.

Wealth and Poverty

Irving Kristol's comments on George Gilder's ideas provoke me once again to try to set the record straight about capitalism ["A New Look at Capitalism," April 17].

First, capitalism is the economic feature of a social system based on the theory of natural rights, which includes the right to private property—to own, produce, exchange, or give away valued items. To complain that defending capitalism omits consideration of such virtues as charity, courage, and patriotism is to commit the Marxist/neo-classical fallacy of reducing everything to economics, to demand of economics that which it does not (or should not) try to attend to.

Second, the claim that "Life is unfair, made both by Irving Kristol and by Milton Friedman (in *Free to Choose*), is not very meaningful. Fairness can only be ascribed to conscious agents—judges, referees, graders, fathers handing out allowances, officials administering the law—and life is not such an agent. What life is, of course, is difficult and challenging. Mr. Kristol's claim that "only a morality embedded in a transcendental religion can cope with that fact" has never been shown, especially in his own many works. Judging by history's record, religion has been an utter failure in moderating people's irrational reactions to life's many problems and disappointments.

Finally, it is useless to lament that "a market economy . . . cannot prevent us from abusing our affluence or our liberty . . . [and] . . . can at best offer us a vision of human decency, not of human perfection." A market economy, once again, is but an economic system, not a way of human life. But as an economic system it is the best available. Moreover, anyone who pretends to be able to prevent abuses of liberty is kidding both us and himself. But what a free society, including its free market, can do better than other systems is to give reasonable assurance that the evil that persons commit will have its greatest impact on their own lives instead of being forcibly distributed for all of us to suffer and none of us to learn from good and hard.

While I do not agree with Mr. Gilder's defense of the free market, I find Mr. Kristol's indictment of it even more flawed. It is sad to see a good idea subjected to abuse by people who should know better. But that, too, is the price of a free society.

Tibor R. Machan
Senior Editor, Reason
Santa Barbara, Calif.

The word "symposium" usually suggests a spectrum of opinion, but your symposiasts on George Gilder's *Wealth and Poverty* [April 17] seemed unable to work up any significant disagreement about the brilliance of the man and the greatness of his book. The only dissenting voice was my own, as filtered through the sensibilities of Alan Reynolds—probably not the Boswell I would have chosen. Contrary to Reynolds's assertion that my review of *Wealth and Poverty* in *The New Republic* was "a superficial caricature of extraneous issues," and despite my objections to the book, I think I presented Gilder's views more fairly than Reynolds presents my criticisms.

For example, Reynolds quotes in isolation my remark that Jude Wanniski, the first supply-side popularizer, sees the world like a "bourgeois family man," implying that Kinsley is a cliché left-winger who hates the family as an institution. In context, I was merely having fun with Wanniski's penchant for domestic metaphors in elucidating the Laffer Curve. Some of my best friends are bourgeois family men.

A more serious example. In a 1978 article, "Kinsley compared the *average* tax on capital gains with the lowest *marginal*

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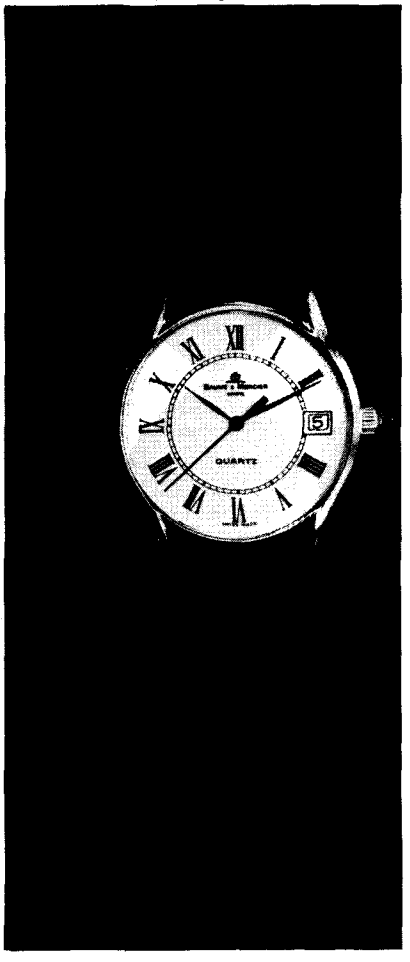

tax on other income, which is worse than deceptive." Confusing marginal and average tax rates is a major Keynesian *gaucherie*, I know, but I committed no such breach of supply-side etiquette. In context, once again, my purpose was to deflate all the talk about a 49 per cent capital gains tax—the theoretically possible top marginal rate at the time, given sundry tax-code complications, but one that no actual taxpayer is ever known to have paid. (I failed here. The myth of the 49 per cent capital gains tax is perpetuated in Gilder's book.) In 1978, the *typical* capital gains taxpayer paid barely more than the very lowliest wage-earner. That was my point.

One more example. "Kinsley says [summarizing Gilder], 'Giving money to the poor discourages them from working [an effect money does not have on the rich, apparently].'" My point here, clear in context but ignored by Reynolds, was that George Gilder's supply-side principles desert him completely when he discusses welfare. He insists that a few thousand dollars of welfare saps the will of poor people to better themselves, irrespective of the "marginal tax rate" at which they lose welfare by earning money on their own. By contrast, he presumes that rich people can be motivated by small changes in their marginal tax rates, no matter how many millions they already have.

The trouble with supply-side economics, in my opinion, is not its basic principles, but rather the specific policies that parade under its banner. Obviously work, savings, and investment are affected by the reward held out for them. And obviously tax rates affect this reward, especially during inflation. But these maxims provide only rhetorical, not analytical, support for proposals like cutting welfare, further special breaks for capital gains, and the 10-5-3 plan for business depreciation. Gilder's book, like much supply-side propaganda, is long on paeans to growth and entrepreneurship, and short on explanations of how regressive tax and social policies will encourage these fine things. And to answer Alan Reynolds's final point, I do hope people, especially women, read Gilder's book. I just wish they didn't have to buy it to do so.

Michael Kinsley
The New Republic
Washington, D.C.

Reply from Alan Reynolds

Kinsley was "having fun" with Wanniski and Gilder; I was having fun with him. So he prudently neglects my most damaging points and revises his past writing to explain what he meant to say.

Here is what he actually wrote: "The average tax on capital gain income is about 16 per cent (marginal rates on ordinary income, by comparison, begin at 14 per cent)." The "lowliest wage earner" pays an average income tax of about zero, not either 14 or 16 per cent. The lowest marginal tax at that time was 14 per cent on annual earnings, 7 per cent on long-term capital gains. Apples are not oranges. That was *my* point.

A few thousand tax-free welfare dollars can be a formidable marginal tax on entry-level employment. Neither Gilder nor I would propose "small changes" in the higher marginal tax rates. A cut from 50 per cent to 35 per cent, for example, raises the net reward for added earnings from half to two-thirds. To get a comparable boost at low incomes, we'd have to cut the subsidies for not producing.

Kinsley has been studiously vague about continuing to pay big welfare benefits to those whose earnings rise, because he knows it means most Americans would subsidize each other (see Martin Anderson's *Welfare*). I ignored this only out of a spirit of charity and tact. Some ideas deserve to be ignored.

Alan Reynolds
Chicago, Ill.

The CRA?

Three cheers for WFB's column on the Human Life Bill ["On the Right," March 20]. I have an idea for a constitutional amendment to protect the rights of children, which at the very least is telling. There are at least five new amendments to the Constitution being proposed these days: I propose to combine the anti-abortion, anti-busing, and school-prayer amendments into one:

"The right to life and to the full protection of the law shall not be denied to children on the basis of their unborn condition. No person, unborn or otherwise, shall be put to death unless a court of law determines that his or her existence is a threat to other human life or lives.

"The right of children to attend schools in the area where they reside, or where they choose to attend, shall not be abridged by the Congress or by the courts. No child shall be assigned to a specific public school on the basis of his or her race, color, national origin, or religion.

"The right of children to participate in acts of voluntary religious worship in the public schools or any other places shall not be denied or abridged by the Congress or by the courts."

Benjamin Urritia
Guayaquil, Ecuador

Oligarchy?

When it comes to Latin America, many conservatives seem particularly vulnerable to accepting the liberal line. Left-wing myths and fallacies they would scoff at when applied to their own country, they accept at face value in the Latin American context. A case in point is the following

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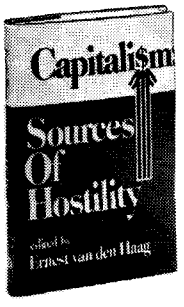

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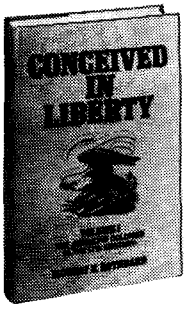

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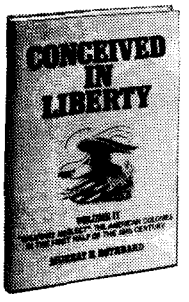

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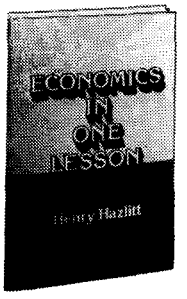

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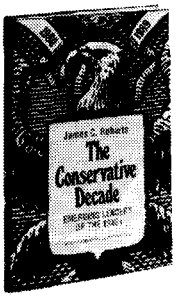

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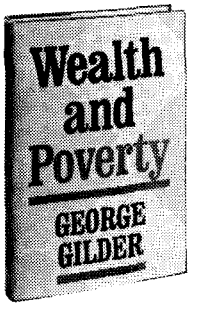

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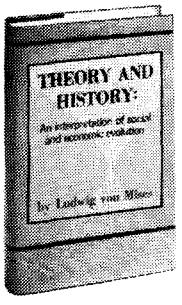

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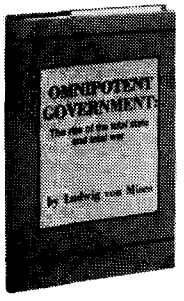

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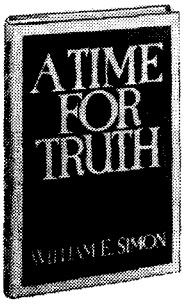

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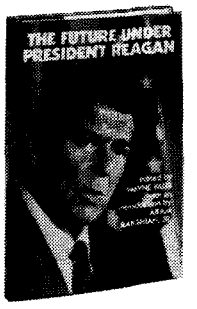

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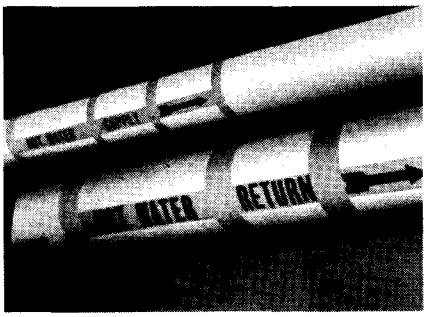

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passage from Erik v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn ["Excitement over El Salvador," April 17]:

"Not long ago, 14 families owned most of El Salvador. But under the present government of military men, Christian Democrats, and moderate Socialists, two radical agrarian reforms have taken place. The first gave the State ownership of the large estates, a move which increased peasant resistance to the revolution; the second distributed the land to individual farmers, and this more or less turned the tide of popular sentiment."

Since I first went to Peru to study the labor movement as an undergraduate over twenty years ago, I have been investigating "oligarchy" claims in different Latin American countries and have written a number of books and articles on the subject. My conclusion, up to now, has been that such claims are entirely without foundation, that they are pure scapegoating demagogy.

In the name of destroying a supposed wealthy oligarchy, the left-wing politicians of Latin America have, decade after decade, formulated regulations, carried out expropriations, and imposed redistribution schemes that have crippled their economies. Land reform is a classic example. By threatening property rights and by shifting assets from the more competent to the less competent, land reform normally produces agrarian decline. It's been tried before in El Salvador (Julio Adalberto Rivero did it in the 1960s; Hernandez Martinez did it in the 1930s). The threat of state-effected or state-permitted seizures of land is probably the greatest single source of agrarian backwardness in Latin America.

1. There are not and have not been "oligarchies" to any egregious or injurious degree in these countries. Unless exhaustive, systematic research demonstrates the contrary, allegations about oligarchies should be dismissed as empty demagogy.

2. To the extent that there are wealthy people in a country, these individuals do not cause poverty, but are a key ingredient of economic growth. Therefore policies directed against the wealthy will normally harm the entire country.

3. The surest route to prosperty is to get the politicians to keep their cotton-picking hands out of the economic life of their countries—something they have not *ever* done in most Latin American countries.

4. The appeals of Communism have rather little to do with economic prosperity. Instead, what feeds this ideology are the widespread fallacies and misconceptions about politics, economics, and history (e.g., the contention that 14 families owned over half a country and that once socialist policies removed this oppressive elite, the peasants were content.)

James L. Payne
Professor of Political Science
Texas A & M University
College Station, Tex.

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Open Question

Before closing "The Open Question" [May 15] on Cora Weiss and the innuendo that U.S. agents were responsible for the killing of four nuns in El Salvador, let us retrace our steps. When the Rev. William Sloane Coffin Jr. came to the Riverside Church, he installed Cora Weiss as the director of the Church's new Disarmament Program. Cora Weiss is the daughter of the late Samuel Rubin, whose Rubin Foundation is one of the major contributors to the Institute for Policy Studies (IPS). Peter Weiss, Cora's husband, is not only the president of the Rubin Foundation, but also chairman of the board of trustees of IPS.

Mrs. Weiss is now a well-known political activist, who gained notoriety during the Vietnam War by making several trips to Hanoi. According to FBI files, on January 20, 1970, the *Daily World*, the Communist newspaper (copy enclosed), quoted Cora Weiss, returning from her first visit to Vietnam, as charging: "*that the story of the massacre by United States troops in Batnagan, in which 1,200 Vietnamese civilians had been taken out in ships and drowned, had been completely ignored in this country. Mrs. Weiss said that during her visit to North Vietnam, a 21-year-old Vietnamese woman, a survivor of the massacre, described how the victims were put in plastic bags, tied up with electric cord and dropped into the sea.*"

Cora Weiss now has offices in the Riverside Church, and, using all the privileges of a non-profit institution, advances her own political goals. For example, a recent folder (copy enclosed), bearing the imprint of the Riverside Church Disarmament Program, shows a number of uncomplimentary caricatures, supposedly blacks and Hispanics, each asking questions. Thus one elderly black man asks: "If there's a war, shouldn't our community support it?"

Answers the Riverside Church Disarmament Program: "Only if you think we should fight a war to protect Exxon or Mobil or Gulf Oil's interests in the Middle East. Or if you think we should fight to keep a dictator in power in Central America."

A young black male asks: "Well, I might as well join. What do I have to lose?" To which the Riverside Church Disarmament Program, directed by Cora Weiss, answers: "Everything, maybe. *Fifty thousand Vietnam vets returned home from the war and killed themselves*, almost as many as were killed during the war. Twenty-five per cent of the soldiers killed during the war were black, yet we are only 12 per cent of the population. Haven't we given enough to this government that has given so little to us in return?"

Bryan B. Sterling
New York, N.Y.

HE'D RATHER BE RIGHT!

William A. Rusher

When New York University's School of Law presented its "Distinguished Citizen Award" to William A. Rusher in 1973, it declared that the honor was being conferred on him "in recognition of his able articulation of the conservative viewpoint."

Former Los Angeles Police Chief Ed Davis put it this way after one Rusher talk: "I sit on many a dais and hear a great many speeches, but it has been years since I have heard anything quite so fine."

To the *New York Times*' liberal columnist Tom Wicker, on the other hand, Rusher is just "terrifyingly articulate."

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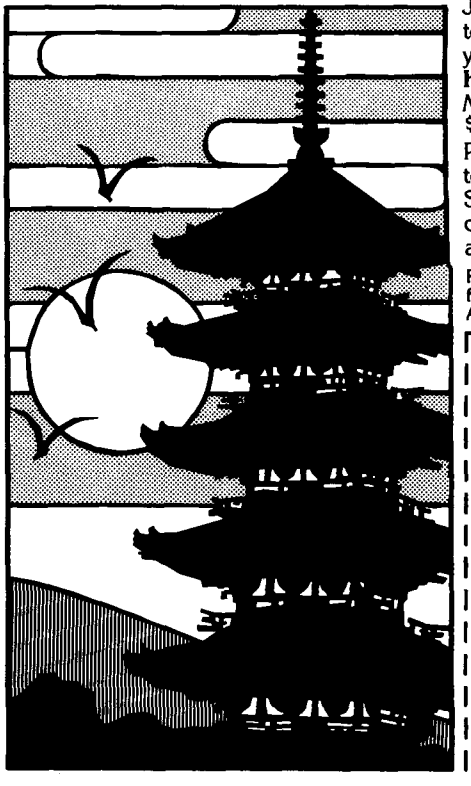

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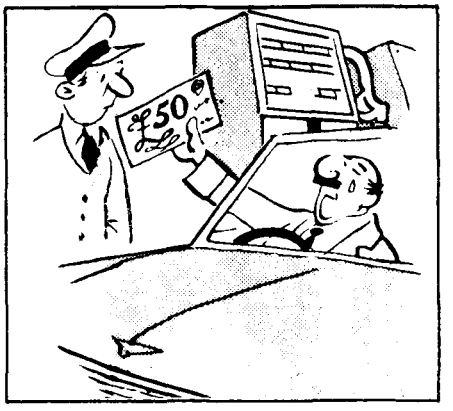
FOR THE RECORD

■ As of now, more Americans (43 per cent) say they will vote for Republican candidates for the **House** in 1982 than for Democrats (35 per cent). Significance: this is the first time in thirty years that the GOP has led the Democrats. . . . An AP/NBC poll shows 69 per cent of Americans agree with **Ronald Reagan** that income taxes are too high; only 47 per cent think property taxes are too high, down from 57 per cent three years ago. . . . How do they feel about cuts in social programs? The latest *New York Times*/CBS poll says 50 per cent favor cuts in **food stamps** (12 per cent oppose them), 37 per cent approve cuts in spending for **the arts**.

■ Former Democratic National Chairman **Robert Strauss** knows a pro when he sees one, even in the other camp. "This fellow [Reagan]," he says, "is a one-man band, and his White House staff is simply spectacular. Reagan has done what he said he would do and done it far better than I had conceived he would do it." . . . And **Joseph Califano, Jimmy Carter**'s HEW Secretary (for a while), a Democratic standby since **LBJ**'s days, concurs. "In political acumen and leadership, he [Reagan] is far more effective than any other President since LBJ." . . . **Charlene Mitchell** of the National Alliance Against Racist and Political Oppression is, well, less flattering: "Can we [the Left] afford to sit and gape as the velvet glove [Reagan's] is removed from the iron fist of repression? . . . Terrorism is now the rallying cry for political thugs from South Africa to Chile to El Salvador . . . to partake of the feast of the monopolist vultures who are bleeding our country white in the name of defense."

■ The *National Journal* has published



Jon. *London Daily Mail* Rothco

"Two gallons, please."

the final figures on campaign spending last year. Altogether the **Republicans** (National Committee, House and Senate campaign committees) raised $111 million, five times more than the **Democrats**' $18.8 million. The GOP got contributions from two million people, the Dems from 75,000. . . . To counter some of that advantage, a new Democratic group, Democrats for the '80s, headed by **Pamela Harriman** (**Averell**'s wife) has gone into action and is now trading insults via newspaper ads in the Washington area with National Conservative Political Action Committee. . . . Meanwhile **Walter Mondale** and former Republican Sen. **James Pearson** (Kan.) are setting up a lobbying group in support of the endangered Legal Services Corporation.

■ Not such good signs from France. In an interview with the Spanish news agency EFE before his election, **François Mitterrand** said "the rupture of diplomatic relations with **Pinochet**'s Chile is for us a symbolic act which would underline the closeness that France has for democracy and justice." . . . Mitterrand, a member of the **Socialist International**, which supports the El Salvador rebels, got especially warm greetings upon his election from **Fidel Castro** and the **Sandinista junta** in Nicaragua. . . . Last week, **Claude Cheysson**, France's new foreign minister, announced that France would support liberation movements in Africa and back sanctions against South Africa. (France has now joined an anti-South-Africa UN conference in Paris, which the United States, West Germany, Great Britain, and Japan are boycotting.) **Lionel Jospin**, Mitterrand's man at the UN, says France will end all private and public investment and commerce with South Africa.

■ Political notes for '82: A California Field poll shows recently re-elected Los Angeles Mayor **Tom Bradley** leading the field (**John Tunney, Jess Unruh**) in the gubernatorial race. . . . Gov. **Jerry Brown** will be running for Sen. **Hayakawa**'s seat. A recent poll shows 37 per cent of Californians think Brown is doing a good job; not so hot, you'd think, but up from 24 per cent a year ago. . . . In Illinois, the Democratic pols are hoping former Sen. **Adlai Stevenson III** will make a run against Republican Gov. **James Thompson**. . . . In Michigan, first-term liberal Sen. **Don Riegle** looks shaky if Gov. **William Milliken** can be persuaded to leave the Statehouse and run for the Senate. He's been governor since 1969.

■ The Communist *Daily World* has a great suggestion if Washington, D.C. ever achieves statehood. The new state, it says, could be called **Banneker**. That's right, after Benjamin Banneker, the well-known black surveyor who helped lay out the plans for the city.

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THE WEEK

■ In his memoir *Governing America*, Joe Califano, erstwhile Grand Duke of the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, recalls that when he and his colleagues were asked to submit their resignations they were also asked to review their own subordinates and "get rid of all those who are incompetent, except minorities and women." So much for the pious denials that affirmative action meant anything but a "good-faith effort" to find "qualified members" of disadvantaged groups: it meant protecting the unqualified —right up to the sub-Cabinet level.

■ The Administration fumbled politically with its proposed measures to straighten out the Social Security mess. The 96 to 0 Senate defeat showed that the White House had not done the necessary liaison work. Meanwhile, Reagan's initiative gives the Democrats a badly needed issue with which to appeal to middle-class voters, and has also dampened Reagan's popularity just before his critically important tax-reduction proposals are up for passage. Nonetheless, the proposed measures have introduced a sense of reality into the general discussion of the Social Security problem, and have reassured the financial markets with evidence of a clear commitment to fiscal integrity. Without reforms the Social Security system is doomed. Down the road, when this sinks in, Reagan's proposals may turn out to be a political plus.

■ About gasoline prices. It seems there wasn't any "windfall" after all; just the obscene tax. Oil companies' profits were down some 16 per cent from the first quarter last year, while their "windfall" taxes were up $5 billion—half their gross receipts. The oil companies are taking whatever steps they can to reduce retained earnings, which means that much less oil exploration in the future. You pay the tax at the gas pumps. Washington gets the obscene profits.

■ As if the Democrats aren't having enough trouble these days, John Anderson is moving toward the formation of a third party. He has filed a National Unity Committee with the Federal Election Commission, and it will be raising funds, studying the 1984 ballot access problems, and otherwise preparing for a presidential campaign. Though the official announcement probably will not come until after the 1982 elections, independent candidates are already gearing up for state races, as in Massachusetts, where former Republican Josiah Spaulding appears to be preparing for an independent gubernatorial race. In most political contests, the Andersonites will hurt the Democrats more than the Republicans.

■ For the first time since the gouging started, the OPEC ministers have met and *not* hiked the price of crude. The reason: there's a world oil glut of two to three million barrels a day and some of the oil offered at $36 to $41 per barrel is not finding a market. The other OPEC powers wanted Saudi Arabia both to raise its price (now $32) by $2 and to cut its production (ten million barrels per day) sharply in order to force up the world price. Saudi Arabia refused to do either, and the meeting ended with the other OPEC nations agreeing to cut their own production 10 per cent across the board—not enough, however, to get rid of the excess. Why did Saudi Arabia act so cooperatively, from the world viewpoint? 1) Because in the last years its sales have gone up by 3.7 per cent, while the other OPEC nations have lost 12.6 per cent of their market. 2) Because the Saudis, with 40 per cent of the total OPEC output of crude oil, want to be the top dog. And not 3) because they are particularly fond of the West. If they were, oil selling for $12 a barrel in 1978 would not be costing $32 now.

■ The groundwork for President Reagan's successful talks with West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt was laid a fortnight earlier at a NATO meeting in Brussels. There, Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger was polite, but firm. The West Europeans want the United States to resume talks with the Soviet Union on arms limitation and, particularly, on a reduction of nuclear arms in central Europe. The United States was prepared to go along with that, said Weinberger, but only if West Germany—the most important NATO ally—stood by its promise to beef up its own defenses. Weinberger got a firm commitment from West German Defense Minister Apel,

In the Aviary

Now that the squawking is over,
  Kennedy's wattles are still;
Cranston is preening his feathers;
  Moynihan's cleaning his bill.
Though all the birds are exhausted
  (Bradley's reduced to a croak),
What, may I ask, was accomplished?
  Social Security's broke.

W. H. VON DREELE

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

When the compromise talk began to collect, conservatives in and out of the Reagan Administration were filled with anxiety and wrath. With the President enjoying an unprecedentedly high level of popular esteem, why talk about tax-cut retreat? Tora! Tora! Tora! ought to be the strategy. Charge the Hill! The great fear among conservatives, you see, is not that supply-side economics will have been tried and found wanting, but rather that supply-side economics will never have been tried—especially if we now go with a vasectomized tax cut.

Initially, Dave Stockman took the heat of the conservative attack for engaging in compromise negotiations, and then leaking the fact of those negotiations to the *New York Times*. Then, at least as early as the Tidewater (Maryland) GOP assembly of May 16, Jack Kemp made it known that he, too, alas, had had a behind-the-scenes hand in tailoring certain concessions. Acting Press Secretary Larry Speakes somersaulted, saying that compromise was a dirty word on Thursday and a clean word on Friday. Treasury Secretary Donald Regan flew back early from an economic conference in Riyadh, tacitly admitting that he was needed to shape the form of the compromise.

The upshot? The erstwhile angry conservatives are now saying, remarkably, that the accommodation (they won't call it a compromise) is OK. These are the ones who really know what is going on at both ends of Pennsylvania Avenue. When the total package emerges, they say, it will be seen to be almost exactly what Ronald Reagan wants. Was theirs a case of wasted outrage? By no means. It fortified Reagan to hew to a harder line.

So what we will have, come August probably, is not a tax-cut compromise but a horse-and-rabbit stew. The President's contribution to the tax cut will be the horse. The Democrats will supply the rabbit. What did Cato predict about the tax cut two months ago? Reagan would get 85 per cent of what he wants. Cato stands with that. No more cards, thanks.

■ The Social Security reform blooper (termed by some the "SS Folly," the SS signifying not Social Security but Schweiker/Stockman, who raised the issue, thus permitting the Administration to be mousetrapped by the Democrats) was a singularly worrisome development because of its potential killer linkage to the whole tax-cut effort. Seasoned observers now think that Reagan's "big mo" will roll over the event, and that damage will be limited and short-lived.

■ Paradoxically, the blunder may turn into a plus of sorts. The respected *Christian Science Monitor*, Washingtonians have noted with interest, lauded Reagan for his courage "in taking on a nasty problem and addressing it forthrightly." It also pointed to "not a little political hypocrisy" on the part of the Democrats who "stomp up and down gleefully and make political hay of President Reagan's 'stumble.'" *CSM* then pointedly asks: "Where have *they* been for the last twenty years? What do *they* propose doing about an old-age security system that is adding dangerously to inflation and fast going broke?" This editorial might well become the basic recovery strategy of the Reaganites, along with the understressed reality that the typical Social Security recipient gets out of the program about thrice what he/she has paid into it.

■ Beginning in early June, and continuing intermittently throughout the summer, the redoubtable Orrin Hatch, senator from Utah, will join the Attorney General, William French Smith, in extending the Reagan revolution beyond the financial and into the cultural sphere. A few weeks ago, the low-key AG signaled the scope and direction of this cultural sea change. He criticized mandatory busing of children and racial hiring quotas for firms with federal contracts and proposed scrapping the provision for a special prosecutor to investigate senior U.S. officials. Earlier he had called for limits on the Freedom of Information Act, and modifying the law prohibiting U.S. firms from offering gifts to foreign officials.

With his Constitution Subcommittee, Orrin Hatch will chair hearings on affirmative action in which he will deepen the AG's groundwork for bringing back color-blindness to public policy on race. Over the past several years, Hatch believes, as long as you were a racist in favor of blacks, Hispanics, et al., racism was acceptable. Just two years ago Griffin Bell stated flatly before the Congress that Jimmy Carter would appoint to the federal bench a black, Hispanic, or woman lawyer who was found to be *less qualified than a white male*. Jimmy himself said: "If I didn't have to get Senate confirmation of appointees, I could tell you flatly that 12 per cent of all my judicial appointments would be black, 3 per cent would be Spanish-speaking, 40 per cent would be women, and so forth." Hatch and Smith have their work cut out for them. —CATO

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paving the way for the amiable meeting between Schmidt and Reagan. En route home, Schmidt paused in Paris and agreed with François Mitterrand that the West should work to restore military balance in Europe while pursuing arms-control talks with Russia. Back in Bonn, Schmidt put his pledge to station medium-range U.S. nuclear missiles in West Germany to what amounted to a confidence vote—and won it, with only five of the left-wing Social Democrats voting nay.

■ George F. Kennan's inveterate attitude—he calls it realism—is distaste for the sorts of problems tending to crop up in an imperfect world. His stock practice is to propound, always in rolling cadences modeled after Edward Gibbon's prose, remedies with zero chance of acceptance. It puts the proponent in position later on to say, "If only they had listened to me . . ." In that mood, on receiving the Alfred Einstein peace prize the other day, Kennan deplored the ignoring of his counsel, 31 years ago, that the U.S. renounce competition and let the Soviet Union develop a monopoly of hydrogen weapons if it chose to. His new offering was a 50 per cent cut in superpower

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nuclear capabilities. Such reductions might conceivably lessen strategic dangers or, contrarily, enormously aggravate them—depending on whether throw-weight or weapon numbers were affected. Kennan, whose sense of distaste applies especially to strategic details, avoided specifics beyond the phrase "across the board." Nothing is likely to come of his latest suggestion, as Kennan himself acknowledged—beyond setting up a reference point for later on. Nevertheless, his velleities received numerous media accolades.

■ The Soviets are pulling out all the stops in their efforts to ground the U.S. space shuttle. Their latest ploy is to question the legality of U.S. astronauts' flying over Soviet territory. According to Soviet legal scholars, the rights of manned-space-mission overflights are not absolute. This insight will reportedly be the basis for the Soviets' legal campaign against the shuttle. Meanwhile, *Aviation Week* noted that as the Soviets were raising questions about the U.S. space shuttle, Russian Salyut 6 crewmen were overflying the U.S. several times daily.

■ In New York City, stores such as Bloomingdale's, Macy's, and Gimbels were recently selling the latest craze in board games, "Public Assistance," the object of which is to accumulate as much money as possible in welfare checks and services. But the fast-selling game has disappeared from the shelves—ever since the New York Human Resources Administration, practicing a kind of censorship wholly outside its jurisdiction, sent out a "friendly letter" advising stores to stop carrying the lampoon. Signed by Stanley Brezenoff, Administrator/Commissioner of the agency, the letter states that "Public Assistance is not, as its inventors claim, a harmless spoof of welfare cheats and liberal government bureaucrats." Rather, it is a slur, according to Brezenoff, against society's poor, of whom 60 per cent are children. Uh-huh. New game idea: Pin the tail on Brezenoff.

■ Reed Irvine, of Accuracy in Media, suggested to *Washington Post* editor Ben Bradlee that in view of the Janet Cooke developments the *Post* should now come clean on Deep Throat. Bradlee's answer was short, and obscene. Nothing daunted (nothing daunts Reed Irvine, as Ben Bradlee has discovered), Irvine tried to take out an ad in the *Post* to tell the story of his most recent run-in with BB. No go. Virginia Rodriguez, the *Post*'s Public Relations Manager, rejected the ad on the ground that Bradlee's language was "unacceptable to the advertising standards of the *Washington Post*. . . . We are not going to have that kind of a headline in an ad or in the body copy," she said.

■ For the first time since it went up twenty years ago, a man tried to scale the Berlin Wall from the West and escape to the East. East German guards shot him down anyway.

■ The latest decline in college entrance exam (Scholastic Achievement Test) scores has reportedly caused modern educators to *lose faith in the validity of the tests*. Fortunately for them, SATs do not test educationist logic.

■ Another controversial Brooke Shields commercial has been yanked off TV. This one was a public-service announcement, either pro- or anti-smoking, we're not sure, sponsored by the appropriate pro- or anti-smoking agency of the government, and anyway, it set taxpayers back $68,000. What you got for your money was Miss Shields posed rather fetchingly with a cigarette stuck in each ear, murmuring something like, "Wanna know what comes between me and my ciggyboos? Nuthin' at all."

■ They're coming up with all kinds of ingenious plots to support the arts. In Massachusetts they instituted an arts lottery. It flopped, though, because no one wanted to buy the $5 tickets. Who knows? Maybe the next plan will be for artists to sell their work.

■ The world of women's sports continues to buzz with rumors that seventy or eighty reporters are suing each other for using the same interview with Billie Jean and Larry, and that Bobby Riggs is demanding a rematch—with a girl.

Wake Up, Catholics!

At first glance it was a minor and obvious caper. A Chicago priest and Maryknoller named, improbably, Roy Bourgeois got himself to El Salvador—naturally—as a translator for CBS-TV (hmmm). Then Father Bourgeois disappeared for 12 days, creating the impression that he had been killed by the fascists.

A huge media hype ensued. In San Salvador, acting Archbishop Arturo Rivera y Damas, a moderate, demanded that the government diligently investigate this latest "attack upon our Church." Secretary of State Alexander Haig actually got on the phone to Salvador's President Duarte and threatened him with the loss of U.S. support unless the Bourgeois matter were satisfactorily resolved. The whole thing, it transpires, was a leftist manipulation on the part of Bourgeois.

Late one afternoon, unhurt, Bourgeois strolled into the U.S. Embassy in San Salvador and announced that he had spent the 12 days among "the poor." And that

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he intended to "unite with the poor of El Salvador in their struggle for justice and peace."

Father Bourgeois thus struck a calculated political blow for Marxist revolution in Central America. Even his language—"struggle for justice and peace"—stank of Marxist clichés.

The Salvadoran archbishop used the phrase "attack upon our Church." There is indeed an attack upon the Church, but it is being mounted from within by a kind of Church-within-the-Church, as epitomized by Bourgeois and his Maryknoller confederates, and by large enclaves within the Jesuit order, and elsewhere. They are skilled in manipulating the media. They are potent in their influence on the American Catholic hierarchy. And their goals are inevitably totalitarian in effect. Intellectually, they are anachronistic, existing in a kind of time warp (they have just caught up with the 1930s), but their power is tragic for their Church, for this nation, and for the civilized world.

At present, no countervailing force exists within the American Catholic Church organized to oppose the designs of the revolutionists. In their vast majority, American Catholics are loyal to Western civilization and free institutions. They are not—in contrast to the Church-within-the-Church—Castroites, Maoists, or Sandinistas. But their Church is being ruthlessly exploited by an organized coterie. The time for counter-organization is now.

Lefever Fever

Ernest Lefever had to go to the bathroom.

It happens to the best of us, and wouldn't be worth bringing up—to say the least—except that sinister import has been attached to the fact. The *Washington Post*'s account of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee hearings on Lefever's nomination made Lefever's visit to the gents' sound like the stormiest exit since Claudius jumped up during the play at Elsinore. At one question, the *Post* reported, Lefever appeared "flustered," asked for a recess, and "rushed" from the hearing room, "regaining his composure" after a break. Naturally: Lefever had been on the witness stand for over four hours.

Three days later, another *Post* story by Scott Armstrong painted a damaging picture of Lefever's relations with the Nestlé Corporation. Citing an interview with a former Nestlé official, Armstrong virtually accused Lefever of perjury in his testimony to the Senate. Armstrong also strongly implied impropriety in the relations between Lefever's Ethics and Public Policy Center and the corporation.

Unfortunately for Armstrong, his source, a lawyer named Henry Ciocca, charged him with distorting the interview so seriously that the story that appeared in

"We don't object to the teaching of Darwinism, but as creationists, we do object to having it presented as a factual science."

the *Post* amounted to "fiction" on its key points. Ciocca circulated a detailed correction of Armstrong's version of their interview, specifically denying that Lefever's testimony had "contradicted" the facts: it was Armstrong himself who had done that.

What's going on here? Apparently the *Post* remains as scoop-happy as it was before the Janet Cooke episode. Moreover, the scoops it seeks follow a clear ideological pattern: suffering non-whites, repressive right-wingers, corporate corruption, that sort of thing. In the *Post*'s world, this pretty much exhausts the universe of scandal. All that remains is for the newspaper to declare itself an adjunct of the Institute for Policy Studies.

The *Post* story may not harmonize with the facts, but it does harmonize nicely with the more general effort of the Left to discredit Lefever and his Center, and, by extension, the foreign-policy posture of Ronald Reagan, Alexander Haig, and Jeane Kirkpatrick. If the committee can block Lefever's nomination as Assistant Secretary for Human Rights, the liberal-radical Hive will have recouped some of its recent losses.

At any rate, we don't recall the *Post* questioning Andrew Young's motives in visiting the men's room.

Mother's Milk & Printer's Ink

When the director general of UNESCO (who else?), Mr. Amadou Mahtar M'Bow of Senegal (where else?), announced last month that he would begin drawing up plans for a New World Information Order, the Western press reacted like Tory squires raising a hue and cry against a poacher. Press men from twenty countries convened in Talloires, France and issued a manifesto declaring press freedom to be "a basic human right," and promising "concerted action" to uphold it. Herblock issued a cartoon showing grubby

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dictators offering a clean-scrubbed reporter a press card in the form of a millstone. The *New York Times* reached deep into its style book and pulled out the ultimate journalistic sneer, "so-called": UNESCO, the lead sentence in the *Times*'s account of the Talloires conference exclaimed, was pushing for "a so-called New World Information Order."

Their alarm is justified. The idea of international news control has been wending its way through the bureaucracy of UNESCO for years, and it is a stinker. The UNESCO plan calls for journalists to be licensed and given identity cards. They would promise to abide by an international code of journalistic ethics, enjoining "unfair" stories. Look for hot items on tractor factories in Yakutsk, population control programs in Cambodia, and *haute cuisine* in Uganda. Most Third World governments (and all Communist ones) of course already harass and censor foreign reporters whenever they can. The UNESCO plan represents a bid to confer international sanction on their power lust.

That, alas, is the trend of much recent diplomacy. Only two months before the Talloires manifesto, the United States took a second look at the Law of the Sea Treaty and discovered that, in return for concessions that were largely meaningless (the treaty guarantees passage through straits, a right already secured by current international law), the development of underwater minerals would be turned over to an international Sea-Bed Authority, setting production quotas and prices in the name of "the common heritage of mankind." Six days after the Talloires gathering, the World Health Organization voted, 93 to 3, to adopt a code banning the advertising of Western powdered baby formula in the Third World. The WHO code involved no redistribution—Third World mothers will be compelled to rely, not on domestic powdered milk, but on their own breasts. But, like the New World Information Order and the proposed Law of the Sea Treaty, the WHO decision erects anti-capitalist and anti-Western prejudice into international law.

So how did the press react to these depredations? "Don't Sink the Sea Treaty" ran the headline of the *Times*'s relevant editorial. "It is unwise to contend that every society should observe American styles of commerce," said the *Times* editorial on "The Diplomacy of Mother's Milk." Herblock's Law of the Sea cartoon depicted the treaty as a beleaguered diver, menaced by sharks and stingrays; in the boat, topside, a callous Reagan proposed to cut his air-lines. No sightings of "so-called" were reported.

What happened? Once again, the *Times* supplies the key killer word—"commerce." For if the press is what, in its self-infatuation, it believes itself to be—an almost feudal estate of the realm, blessed by God's own First Amendment—then the ideologists of press power can be indifferent to the aggrandizement of state power. They may even, depending on their political predilections, encourage it, especially at the expense of ventures which are merely "commercial." Let tinpot dictators control the ocean's tin—the press will be protected by its transcendent mission.

Mr. M'Bow and friends do not see it that way. Information, whatever its value, is a resource like any other. It can be fashioned and marketed privately, or at the behest of the state. The New World Information Order differs in no significant structural respect from the Sea Treaty or the WHO code. The Sea signatories seek an equitable distribution of minerals. WHO wants healthy milk. UNESCO wants "balanced" news. The Soviets and their Third World hangers-on are not against information per se—only "unfair" information. They too have newspapers (socialized ones), just as they have industries (socialized ones). It will be interesting, down the line, to watch the press argue why only newspapers require freedom in order to be properly produced.

Countdown on Abortion

The Senate has now voted, 52 to 43, for extended restrictions on the use of federal funds for abortion. What this does is less important than what it portends: it means that the Senate, long more liberal than the House on the abortion issue, will probably pass the controversial Human Life bill.

The bill declares that human life begins at conception but leaves the actual regulation of prohibition of abortion to the states. What makes it so controversial is precisely that it accepts the burden of hard cases: it implies that abortion is wrong even at the earliest stages of pregnancy.

Pro-abortion forces have made the most of this fact. Whereas their opponents have long used pictures of well-developed fetuses to invite the sheer *recognition* of the unborn child's humanity, abortion advocates now magnify the youngest embryos and count on the viewer to feel that the things just don't *look* human. The very breadth of the Human Life bill allows them to press the weakest rhetorical point of the anti-abortion position. As a result, the anti-abortion side has had to argue at the difficult level of philosophy that even the youngest embryo deserves full legal protection.

Most abortions, however, occur well after the fetus has begun to take a recognizable form and to emit brainwaves and heartbeats—the usual criteria for life. Besides, many fetuses visibly and audibly *suffer* when they are killed: even crying isn't uncommon. Many nurses who have been through the experience refuse to assist in abortion afterward.

Instead of arguing about the youngest embryos, the

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anti-abortion side should be hitting hard at later abortions. The sheer evidence of life and pain is the strongest point they have: in a practical sense, it annihilates the contention that the whole issue is abstract and "religious," as if valuing fetal life were a form of animistic superstition.

As the final debate on the Human Life bill approaches, its supporters ought to insistently ask their opponents: what do you propose to do about the agony of those you would consign to death?

The Wicked Witch

Alice Rivlin brews a broth
Fated (*hiss!*) to kill Kemp-Roth.
From computers slyly fixed
Shredded printout sheets are mixed,
Then some rust from workers' chains,
Followed by a toe from Keynes.
It's more icky than the brew
Judy almost had to chew.
Quick! Before she does her work,
Someone summon Billie Burke.

W. H. VON DREELE

Canada's July Revolution

One thing Prime Minister Trudeau cannot be accused of is deviationism. In 1961 he stressed the need "to define the various ways of striving toward socialist goals under a federal constitution." Twenty years later his government has produced a constitutional reform package which answers with surprising faithfulness to that need.

The new constitution, in fact, turns out to be a veritable grab-bag of left-liberal causes. It entrenches abortion, bilingualism, affirmative action, and the right of deaf litigants to court-supplied hearing aids. It calls for "the preservation and enhancement of the multicultural heritage of Canadians," and promises to respect native peoples' rights under the Royal Proclamation of October 7, 1763. But its finest socialist flourishes are reserved for Section 34, which makes interventionist economics into a national *credo*. Under it the governments of Canada are committed to "promoting equal opportunities for the well-being of Canadians . . . furthering economic development to reduce disparity in opportunities and . . . providing essential public services of reasonable quality to all Canadians"; the federal authority, moreover, is *constitutionally* obliged to make equalization payments "to ensure that provincial governments have sufficient revenues to provide reasonably comparable levels of public services at reasonably comparable levels of taxation." In other words, getting the government off the backs of the people becomes not only retrogressive and un-Canadian; it becomes legislatively impossible.

It is not just the provisions of the constitution, however, which betray its left-liberal provenance. The overall tone of the document is positivist and anti-traditional. A section recognizing the supremacy of God was inserted at the last moment in response to what must have been an epistolary avalanche from the Canadian equivalent of Moral Majority. But nowhere is the existence of a Supreme Being linked with the possession of rights. There is no question, for example, of Canadians being endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights. "*The Canadian Charter of Rights and Freedoms* guarantees the rights and freedoms set out in it subject only to such reasonable limits prescribed by law as can be demonstrably justified in a free and democratic society." Notions of freedom and democracy vary. A reading of the constitution indicates that what Canada's latest founding parents have in mind is Mitterrand's France rather than Reagan's America. The nation they have conceived is not under God but under Trudeau. *Vive la différence.*

Nor is there now much hope that it can be aborted. The Liberal majority at Ottawa is unassailable. Trudeau's promise last month to submit the package to the Supreme Court of Canada persuaded Conservative opposition leader, Joe Clark, to call off his filibuster. There is every indication that Mrs. Thatcher, only too glad finally to get rid of the Canadian problem, will ensure approval of the measure by the Parliament at Westminster. Nine judges, six of whom were appointed by Trudeau, are all that remains between Canadians and the entrenchment on July 1 of what the conservative columnist, Lubor Zink, calls "Trudeaucracy."

Commencement Address

Jacob Neusner is a professor of religious studies at Brown, a Judaic scholar of international repute, and a frequent contributor to NR. *This spring, the professor found that he had had it up to here with the debasement of higher education that was one of the malignant products of the Sixties and Seventies. He therefore published his own commencement address in the Brown University* Daily Herald, *and it has application far beyond the Brown campus:*

We the faculty take no pride in our educational achievements with you. We have prepared you for a world that does not exist, indeed, that cannot exist. You have spent four years supposing that failure leaves no record. You have learned at Brown that when your work goes poorly, the painless solution is to drop out. But starting now, in the world to which you go, failure marks you. Confronting difficulty by

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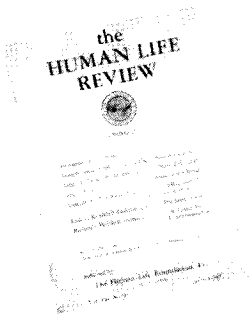

"What you have done, through The Human Life Review, *is to challenge the Court's thinking not merely on legal and constitutional terms (so brilliantly done by your regular contributer John Noonan). Your publication has raised problems for the Supreme Court every bit as cogent as the problems raised against the [Court's]* Dred Scott *decision . . ."*

—WM F. BUCKLEY, JR.

If you are concerned about the Abortion Dilemma you should know about *The Human Life Review* —no other publication in America provides you with more valuable information on the "life issues" that have become hot political issues!

Yes, such "social issues" as abortion have become the most hotly-debated issues in the Congress —and the subjects of seemingly endless argument in the media. Yet there is only *one* publication that is devoted almost entirely to providing the very best articles available on abortion (and related subjects like "mercy killing"), the family, the problems of the aged, and much, much more. That publication is *The Human Life Review*, a distinguished quarterly edited by J. P. McFadden. Now in its seventh year of publication, HLR has featured such well-known writers as Clare Boothe Luce, Malcolm Muggeridge, Wm. F. Buckley, Jr., John T. Noonan, Jr.; it brings you regularly such important social critics as Joseph Sobran, Ellen Wilson, James Hitchcock, and Francis Canavan, S. J.

The HLR has become *part* of the "social issues" news itself. A recent example: the lead article in the *Winter '81* issue contained a proposal for legislation (based on the 14th Amendment guarantee of the right to life) that would declare unborn babies *persons* under the law. The article, by Stephen Galebach, a young attorney (and a former editor of the *Harvard Law Review*), caused an instant sensation in Washington and elsewhere. Soon the "Galebach Proposal" *was* the subject of legislation in both the Senate and the House of Representatives; the Senate is now holding hearings on the "Human Life Bill" that resulted.

The current issue (*Spring '81*) also carries important articles: several of them deal with ERA and its relation to legalized abortion; Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn writes on the Generation Gap, and a most unusual Letter from Czechoslovakia vividly illustrates that moral resistance to Communism in East Europe is by no means limited to Poland.

You should know about the HLR; use the coupon below now to discover it yourself (if you are not fully satisfied, we'll promptly refund your money). We will begin your subscription with the current issue. The cost is just $12 a year. And if you use the coupon now, we will also send you a *free* copy of the entire original "Galebach Proposal" specially printed in a handsome 32-page booklet which also includes the nationally syndicated column by Wm. F. Buckley, Jr. supporting the proposal.

Don't miss this opportunity to get one of the most important and timely journals available today — and your free-and-postpaid copy of the article that made national headlines. Fill out and return the handy coupon below *now*.

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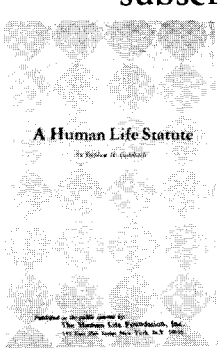

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Gentlemen:

I do want to find out about *The Human Life Review*: please enter my subscription for one year at the regular $12 rate and begin my subscription with your current (Spring '81) issue. And send my *free* copy of the "Galebach Proposal." Thank you.

☐ I enclose $12 (Sorry: no charge orders accepted; we will refund your entire payment if you are not satisfied.)

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quitting leaves you changed. Outside Brown, quitters are no heroes.

With us you could argue about why your errors were not errors, why mediocre work really was excellent, why you could take pride in routine and slipshod presentation. Most of you, after all, can look back on honor grades for most of what you have done. So, here grades can have meant little in distinguishing the excellent from the ordinary. But tomorrow, in the world to which you go, you had best not defend errors but learn from them. You will be ill-advised to demand praise for what does not deserve it and abuse those who do not give it.

For four years we created an altogether forgiving world, in which whatever slight effort you gave was all that was demanded. When you did not keep appointments, we made new ones. When your work came in beyond the deadline, we pretended not to care.

Worse still, when you were boring, we acted as if you were saying something important. When you were garrulous and talked to hear yourself talk, we listened as if it mattered. When you tossed on our desks writing upon which you had not labored, we read it and even responded, as though you had earned a response. When you were dull, we pretended you were smart. When you were predictable, unimaginative, and routine, we listened as if to new and wonderful things. When you demanded free lunch, we served it. And all this why?

Despite your fantasies, it was not even that we wanted to be liked by you. It was that we did not want to be bothered, and the easy way out was pretense: smiles and easy Bs.

It is conventional to quote in addresses such as these. Let me quote someone you've never heard of, Professor Carter A. Daniel, Rutgers University (*Chronicle of Higher Education*, May 7, 1979):

> College has spoiled you by reading papers that don't deserve to be read, listening to comments that don't deserve a hearing, paying attention even to the lazy, ill-informed, and rude. We had to do it, for the sake of education. But nobody will ever do it again. College has deprived you of adequate preparation for the next fifty years. It has failed you by being easy, free, forgiving, attentive, comfortable, interesting, unchallenging fun. Good luck tomorrow.

That is why, on this commencement day, we have nothing in which to take much pride.

Oh yes, there is one more thing. Try not to act toward your co-workers and bosses as you have acted toward us. I mean, when they do not give you what you want but have not earned, don't abuse them, insult them, act out with them your parlous relationships with your parents. This too we have tolerated. It was, as I said, not to be liked. Few professors actually care whether or not they are liked by peer-paralyzed adolescents, fools so shallow as to imagine professors care not about education but about popularity. It was, again, to be rid of you. So go, unlearn the lies we taught you. To Life!

John Osborne, R I P

I met John Osborne only once, in the beautiful rooftop lounge of the Surf and Sand Hotel in Laguna Beach, but I think that I have read every word he wrote during the last ten years. I was on the West Coast to see President Nixon. Osborne was out there on "The Nixon Watch" (which after Nixon's resignation became "The White House Watch"), the regular *New Republic* column, also collected into a series of books, which occupied the last ten years of his life as a journalist.

That evening, with the sun setting over the intense blue of the Pacific, Osborne was reserved, Southern, and accessible. I got the impression that he regarded other journalists in an almost medieval way as fellow members of a guild. He was interested in fact, and in informed opinion. I now learn from a reminiscence by a friend of his, Martin Schram of the *Washington Post*, that Osborne was characteristically "involved in his quest for the perfect Gibson and his dedication to the principle that a respectable barroom deserved a proper closing." That's the way he seemed to me that night at the Surf and Sand.

Osborne saw journalism as a calling, as a serious responsibility, and as a way of living intensely in one's own time. The reason Osborne was at Laguna Beach that night was that Nixon was down the coast at San Clemente, and Bob Haldeman was up at Newport Beach, and Herb Klein was over at The Newporter Inn—and Osborne was covering the Nixon Administration. There was a crisis in the Mediterranean, and Agnew was being flown in from some beach in Hawaii. Osborne had to be there, had to *see*.

Osborne was fascinated by Nixon. Over the years, in "The Nixon Watch," he told the story as he saw it, his perceptions shifting, his prose always faithful to them. "In forty years of reporting, no public figure repelled me as Nixon the candidate did in 1968 . . .

Drew Middleton Reports

If Russia were to march today
  Most analysts report, in sorrow,
There's little doubt they'd reach Calais,
  And not much later than tomorrow.

W. H. von Dreele

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The study of Richard Nixon, an exercise to which I have devoted most of my time since September of 1968, requires a steadfast clinging to the fact that he is human." But Osborne could praise Nixon's pre-Cambodia handling of the Vietnam disengagement, and there was a certain charity about the farewell: "Thank God, he's gone. I'll miss him and I wish for him the mercy that he doesn't deserve and probably won't get." Osborne supported President Ford's pardon of Nixon.

Osborne was a liberal, but above all he was a journalist. His careful, printed self-corrections have justly become legendary. He did not always get the story exactly right, but he labored hard to do so. In his last column, he reported on the political difficulties of Secretary of State Alexander Haig. His judgment epitomizes the Osborne mind: "There is a problem with Haig. He is immensely capable and the country will be the loser if he does himself out of a job."

John Osborne died of lung cancer at 74. *The New Republic* will greatly miss him. So will we.

—J. HART

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Bill:

Thanks for one of the most profound enlightenments you've yet provided me, though I found it not in *NR*, but in one of your recent newspaper columns. Here I'd thought all along it was your prose that impressed me, or your magazine, or even your wry and disheveled urbanity. Not so, I now perceive. Our bond is far deeper and more instinctual: we are Brothers in Peanut Butter. Think of the happy hours we can spend debating the merits of Skippy versus Deaf Smith County. When you add peanuts to commercial blends, should they be dry-roasted or salted? *Does* cashew butter count? *Can* you get decent peanut butter overseas? (No, only through the U.S. Embassy or an Army PX.) *Why* do hotels laugh when you order peanut butter from room service? (Because they are knaves and fools, that's why. You must carry your own supply in a plastic container, Bill, *surely* you know that.) In any event, I see our relationship has entered a new dimension. I look forward to exploring it.

With brotherly affection,
Chuck
[Charlton Heston]
Beverly Hills, Calif.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

(Re: your fudge recipe—Notes & Asides, May 1) . . . "a TABLEspoon of salt" . . . ?

Is this an ocean lover's delight?

Helen J. Shupe
Houston, Tex.

Dear Mr. Buckley:

To tell you the truth, I feel kind of sick. While your feet may not be of clay, they *are* of a similar substance (non-coprophagous, but maybe just as lethal).

In *Your Erroneous Zones*, Wayne Dyer says, "The tendency to focus on others . . . surfaces as hero worship . . . If so-and-so does it, then I should do it, too . . . While there is nothing self-defeating about appreciating others and their accomplishments, it becomes an erroneous zone when you model your own behavior on their standards."

Why didn't I listen to Wayne Dyer?

Just now, I have made fudge from your personal recipe. It's the first time I ever cooked from a dictionary instead of a cookbook. Condolences to Mrs. Wells who solicited your recipe for her fledgling cookbook venture. At least you were honest when you said people'd demand their money back. Right now, I'd settle for something to cut the awful taste in my mouth.

Fudge has always been my main weakness. As liaison, it has propelled me from chubby to chunky to chapfallen. And since I'm new to deciphering NATIONAL REVIEW, I felt a warm glow and a surge of hope for myself when I read that the great William F. Buckley Jr. was also a fudge aficionado. We have something in common. I belong! Compelled by the bond between us, I assembled the ingredients, thrilling to the offhand way you neglected to specify the obvious, such as "Use a heavy pot" or "Stir over high heat." I gloated! After all, NATIONAL REVIEW groupies are a cut above lowly Betty Crocker types.

How interesting that the butter is added in the beginning! It always brought up the rear (did it ever) in my recipes. But I followed your directions to the letter. After all, who am I to quibble? (Sit down, Dyer.) You said to stir until I saw "discrete globlets" (say that five times fast). "Globlets"? No trouble there; that's just "little globs." But "discrete"? Thinking you meant "prudent" or "careful," I began watching for those bubbles that hung around the edge of the pot and took longer to break. Looking up "discrete," I found such procedure not too far off the mark and that when the globs in the midst bellied out and held longer, we'd be in like Flynn.

Since you warned not to miss "stage two from inattention," thereby getting a granular fudge, I must've used an eighth of the potful testing in cold water until, rereading scrupulously, I found no mention made

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of cold water or the "soft ball test." (Perhaps words evoking urological nightmare are not used in NATIONAL REVIEW, predominantly a men's magazine.)

Since no specification was given as to the sort of receptacle one should test-drip into, I settled upon a saucer, dripping fudge sauce thereon and watching it run or pool as the case was. Driven fervently to live up to NATIONAL REVIEW standards, I scrutinized your words, "If they come down fragmented . . ." Honestly, Mr. Buckley, I stood by the stove wondering if you meant fragmented while falling or after they hit. It is anxiety-producing trying to determine the state of the stuff while it's in motion. Again, I suspended my judgment in favor of your trenchant prose.

Two to three teaspoons of vanilla is a whole lot more than I'd ever used before, but when you said to wait a minute or two after removing the come-down-whole mess off the stove so the vanilla wouldn't evaporate, I was really impressed. By now convinced that I'd been merely a dilettante in the fudge game, anticipatory drool wet my lips and I recalled all those times in early married life when my weight-hyper husband had run into the house sniffing the air for traces of chocolate and looking for a bowl or tell-tale pan, en flagrante, under the bed. ("En flagrante" is thrown in here to add class to my letter, just as you used "malgré soi" with regard to the nuts. I'm not sure what "malgré soi" means ["few"?] and that hurts as I took French years ago. But what *really* bothers is that I could have extrapolated "malgré soi" from your supply-side allusion if I understood Kemp-Roth. [Do not cancel my subscription, please.])

Everything recoiled when next you said, ". . . add a TABLESPOON OF SALT . . ." Here even meek I hesitated. But you went on, "submit the whole to a blender" and I figured that surely, since you're 55 years old, that must mean you've made fudge in modern times and found it palatable, since there weren't blenders back when you were 14 or 15. And I also figured NATIONAL REVIEW to have test kitchens and super-intelligent staffers who'd go over everything with a fine-tooth whisk. I proceeded, therefore, in trust.

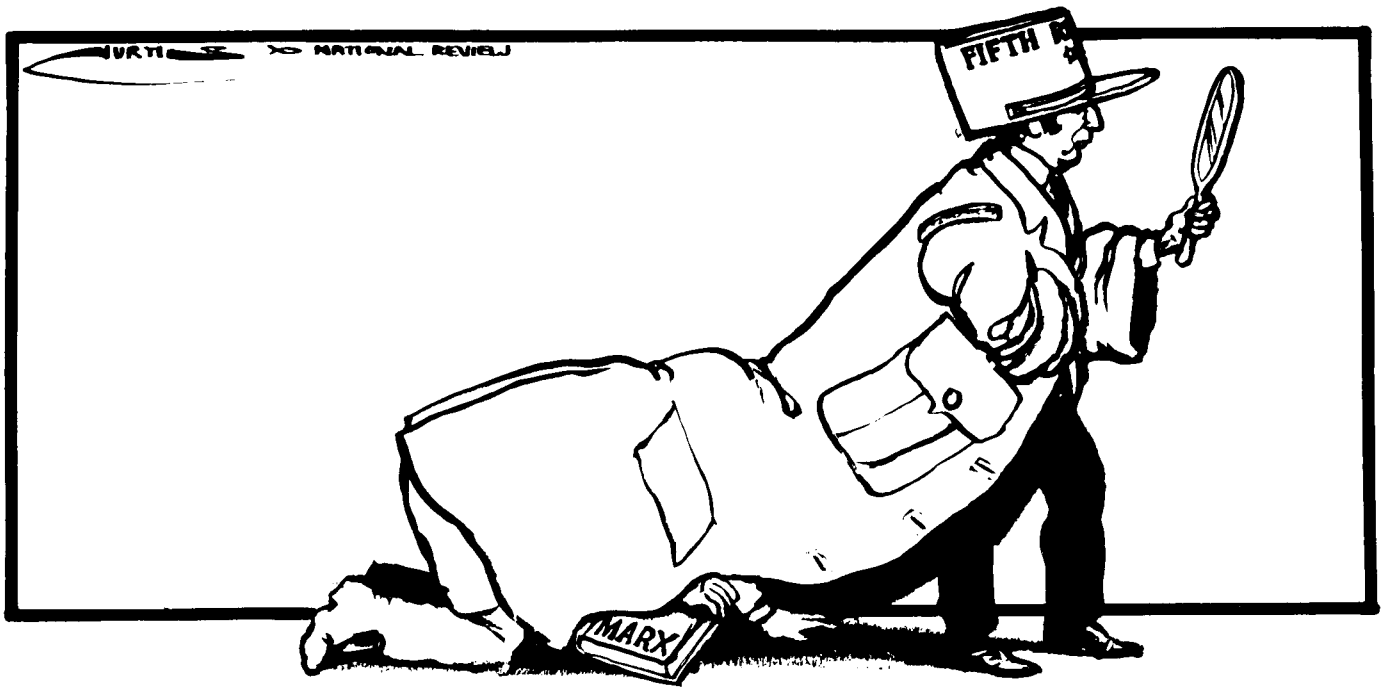
Using "Lite" salt by Morton and wincing, I tilted the measure into your fudge. Into the blender then and my tongue prepped up for the joy of licking out the pan. Mr. Buckley, it is SALTY; it is awful. AWFUL. I don't know what to do now. There it sits in the blender. Would even a second batch mixed with it lessen the bite? (I do not want to waste Baker's chocolate which goes for $2.29 for 8 ozs. and, in my kitchen, is not provided gratis.)

What I shall do, however, to rescue this situation (if not my waistline) shall be my decision, not yours or Wayne Dyer's.

Mr. Buckley, I shall continue to cleave to your word salads; they are much better for me anyhow. But please . . . stick to peanut butter? Or vice reverse.

Sincerely yours,
Patty Patrick
St. Clairsville, Ohio

Uh. Er. Did I say one tablespoonful of salt? I meant a *couple of pinches* of salt. But don't blame your avoirdupois on me, ma'am. Clearly you have not been eating discreetly. (P.S. Sometime this spring I'll revisit the kitchen, and send you some fudge, if it transpires that my memory of how to make it was otherwise correct.) Cordially, **—WFB**



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The Current WISDOM

A Conversation With R

NEAL B. FREEMAN

MR. R IS A member of the intelligence community. He reads the classified literature and he knows the players. He doesn't like what he sees. This is his story.

"Let's talk about collection first, what we pick up on the other side. You have to understand that, despite all the Church committee noise, we've never really had a clandestine service. Almost all of our agents abroad have official cover—political officer at the embassy, or whatever. Now that journalists have gotten religion, as a matter of fact, the only non-official cover left is commercial agents, and commercial agents account for less than 15 per cent of our field presence. So . . . operating under official cover, our agents are known to be representing the government and they are treated accordingly by foreign nationals. We thus tend to collect what others want us to report to Washington, and those reports, in turn, tend to become indistinguishable from diplomatic reports. Where's the clandestinity?

"Now what about technical collection? Satellite photos, sensors, and the rest. Some of it is marvelous, and thank God for that. But most of it, by definition, is meaningless, and much of it—like any snapshot of a dynamic process—is subject to misinterpretation. Additionally, there are *enormous* gaps in our knowledge—so enormous, in fact, that we're not at all sure what we don't know. And finally, since technical operations are run by engineers, there are large analytical blindspots. The bells-and-whistles people tend to be uninterested in unquantifiable concerns. Such as why our telemetry picks up some Soviet signals that are encrypted and some that aren't; which message is intended for which audience?

"But collection is only part of the problem. Once you collect the data, somebody has to analyze it, and in our system that task falls to the Director of Central Intelligence. He is responsible for what they call 'national products'—National Intelligence Estimates—for the President. And you know how they produce those estimates? By committee—in a political process dominated not by area specialists but by people who are good at 'coordinating.' To give you an idea of what kind of people we're talking about, think back a year to the campaign. One of the claims George Bush used to make was that he was one of the most respected directors in the history of the CIA. He was. The CIA is still a social club, and it's teeming with would-be Ivy Leaguers who want to marry blondes named Muffie. They want to be more like George Bush than George Bush. One of the reasons that Bush was so respected, of course, was that he dug in his heels against Team B, Dick Pipes's group that finally focused some attention on the Soviet threat.

I'M NOT suggesting, understand, that Bush is insufficiently anti-Communist. I'm merely noting that he was inordinately pro-bureaucracy. For that matter, so is Bill Casey. He's an old boy from the OSS days, and he went to Langley thinking he was going to 'unleash the CIA.' It's sad to say, but I don't think he's found out yet that there's nothing to unleash. He's relying on the supergrade bureaucrats and most of them were put in place by David Aaron and Bill Miller—the crowd that tried to discredit Team B.

"As for counterintelligence, I tend to think that a great deal of the problem is structural. The FBI runs the domestic show and the CIA runs the foreign show. They both have some good people, but those people are being asked to do the impossible. You see, the very core of counterintelligence is the central file, the *comprehensive* information, that allows an analyst to see a problem whole. There is no such thing as an intelligence operation that is entirely domestic or entirely foreign and, under our divided system, the Soviets can maneuver in the bureaucratic interstices.

"The fourth element of our intelligence system is covert action. As you know, we're all but out of business in this area. Sure, we have conducted some operations the last few years and they have been, almost without exception, successes. But there's a reason for that. The agency bureaucracy has run so scared that they are taking on only the small, sure-thing operations that make no difference in the overall balance. See, the bureaucracy doesn't like covert action for two reasons—first, they lose control over attenuated command structures; and second, failed operations tend to be conspicuous. That's bad for business. So the agency would much prefer to run to the Hill with news of a letter-perfect operation that doesn't amount to a hill of beans.

"I'll give you a story to illustrate how bad the fanny-covering has gotten. You remember Nosenko, the defector? We knew—I mean, we knew rock-hard—that he was a wrong number. And we would have squeezed him hard but for one problem. Some of our best agents in the field supported his story. What does that tell you? That some of our best agents were also wrong numbers, right? But the bureaucracy wasn't about to admit a mistake of that size, so the agency refused to drop him. To this day he's still on the payroll.

"Let me give you another story. You've probably read in the right-wing press that the CIA has been demoralized. That's true, but not in the way you think it is. The people who are demoralized are the solid guys who have a grip on reality in world affairs. Among the senior people at the agency—among the social climbers and the coordinators and the bureaucratic warriors who prevailed over the Helms faction and the Angleton faction—morale is too high. That's right, too high. These people have actually consolidated their control over the agency since the election. One of the political godfathers to this crowd was Birch Bayh, the chairman of the Senate Intelligence Committee. You know what the CIA did when the Republicans took over the Senate and Bayh was forced into retirement? They laid on a fancy affair at Langley last winter and gave him a goddamn medal." □

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Reflections on Violence

The Protracted Conflict

BRIAN CROZIER

As EVERYBODY knows, if only from reading that seminal work by the originator of this column, *The Machiavellians*, the title of this week's column is also that of a book by Georges Sorel (*Réflexions sur la violence*) which shocked French bourgeois readers at the turn of the century. He was neither the first, nor by a long way the last, of the apostles of violence. Today, we live in the shadow of other such apostles, from Lenin to Marighella to Che Guevara to Mao Tse-tung, et al.

The other day, when all France was speculating on the outcome of the presidential duel between Giscard d'Estaing and François Mitterrand, I found myself, in Paris, swimming against the tide of an oncoming demonstration mounted by the French Communist Party. The object of the exercise happened to be to express indignation over the alleged murder of an IRA terrorist named Bobby Sands by the government of Mrs. Thatcher. But really the name was incidental, and the cause also. Since the exhilarating days of the Vietnam movement, themes for indignation have been scarce: the self-inflicted death of the young Irishman was a welcome event.

Communists for Bobby Sands

There must have been five thousand demonstrators, but what struck me most about the occasion was the meticulous organization that had gone into it. There were numerous and professionally executed color banners, the favorite motif being a denunciation of Thatcher as a murderess, and of the British Labor Party as her accomplice.

The point is that preparations for the event must have begun some time before Sands's final coma in the Maze prison.

As the marchers marched, a vehement female voice kept shouting: "*Liberté avec les Communistes*": and "*Droits humains avec les Communistes.*" The protest industry was doing nicely, thank you.

Let me offer some propositions on terrorism for comment:

Proposition A: Bobby Sands was a political prisoner and by allowing him to die the British government was guilty of murder.

Comment:

1. There are no political prisoners in the United Kingdom (or for that matter in the U.S., France, and the rest of our democracies, unsatisfactory though they may be in other respects). As Margaret Thatcher said, echoing Gertrude Stein, "a crime is a crime is a crime." Irish Republicans, whether in the Irish Republic or in Ulster, can campaign openly for the creation of a united Irish republic, and nobody is going to be locked up for so doing. The proof of this is that both wings (Provisional and Official) of the Irish Sinn Fein party are legal. What is illegal is throwing bombs and murdering people.

2. Nobody forced Sands to refuse food unto death. Neither, for that matter, were British authorities prepared to force-feed him. There was enough fuss some years ago when they did just that to other terrorists. Sands died of suicide, protracted for weeks in his case and giving him, one can only suppose, the fanatical satisfaction of knowing in advance that his death would feed the propaganda machines of the apostles of violence.

Proposition B: The Soviet Union is not, except marginally, involved in international terrorism.

Comment:

1. If newspaper reports are to be believed, this proposition, doubtless oversimplified by myself, permeated a recent CIA report. It is false, except by process of semantic sophism.

2. Testifying before the Senate's former Subcommittee on Internal Security some years ago, I produced a number of instances (all, of course, known to the CIA and other intelligence and security organizations) of Soviet involvement in terrorism. This spring, however, Claire Sterling's remarkable book, *The Terror Network*, has provided further instances, bringing the picture up to date.

3. It is not difficult to find quotations from the Soviet media or Soviet leaders condemning terrorism. To adduce these as "proof" that they do not indulge in such foul practices is on a par with purporting to prove that the Soviets love "peace" by similar quotations from the same sources. If, say, Soviet Jews hijack a Soviet plane in a bid for rapid exile, that is terrorism (it *is*, actually, although my saying so could bring me indignant letters from angry Zionists). But if the Soviets train Carlos the Jackal and turn him loose, that is "aid for liberation movements." Let us not fall for that one.

No Tears for Victims

Proposition C: When terrorists starve themselves to death, their human rights are violated; when innocent civilians are murdered by terrorists, they are unavoidable casualties in a legitimate war.

Comment:

1. Political terrorism *is* a form of war. If this fact were more widely understood, and if our governments had the courage to say so, the occasional need for a temporary suspension of some "human rights" for "the duration" might be grasped. But to accept the proposition that terrorism is war is not to sanctify it as a "war of national liberation," nor to dismiss the torture and murder of civilians as of little consequence. The *rule* is that terrorists kill ordinary people to terrorize the rest: that is what terrorism is about.

2. Whatever the degree of sentimental commitment to a cause by non-participants in the actual war, it remains a striking aberration that it is easy to work up public indignation over the suicide of a Bobby Sands, and virtually impossible to do likewise over the murder of the innocent.

The trouble with such selective morality is that it plays into the hands of the internal aggressors. There is no discernible moral distinction between the IRA and the Italian Red Brigades, between GRAPO and ETA in Spain and the ERP and Montoneros of Argentina, between the Red Army Group in Germany and the Cuban-backed terrorists in Salvador.

Although the Soviet Union does not necessarily initiate terrorism (or necessarily refrain from so doing), it is in the act up to its ears. And why not? It is one of the most cost-effective ways of wrecking societies and building up an international network of militants who may denounce the Soviets on occasion but know where the bullets and the cash come from. □

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A bird watcher's guide to Amoco's environmental efforts.

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The Audubon Society monitors the pond and now catalogues a wide variety of bird species—including grebes, geese, eagles, swans, and the rare Sabine's Gull—not found in the area before construction of Amoco's refinery.

This Wyoming wildlife habitat is a real example of how Amoco can supply energy to help meet America's needs while preserving the environment.

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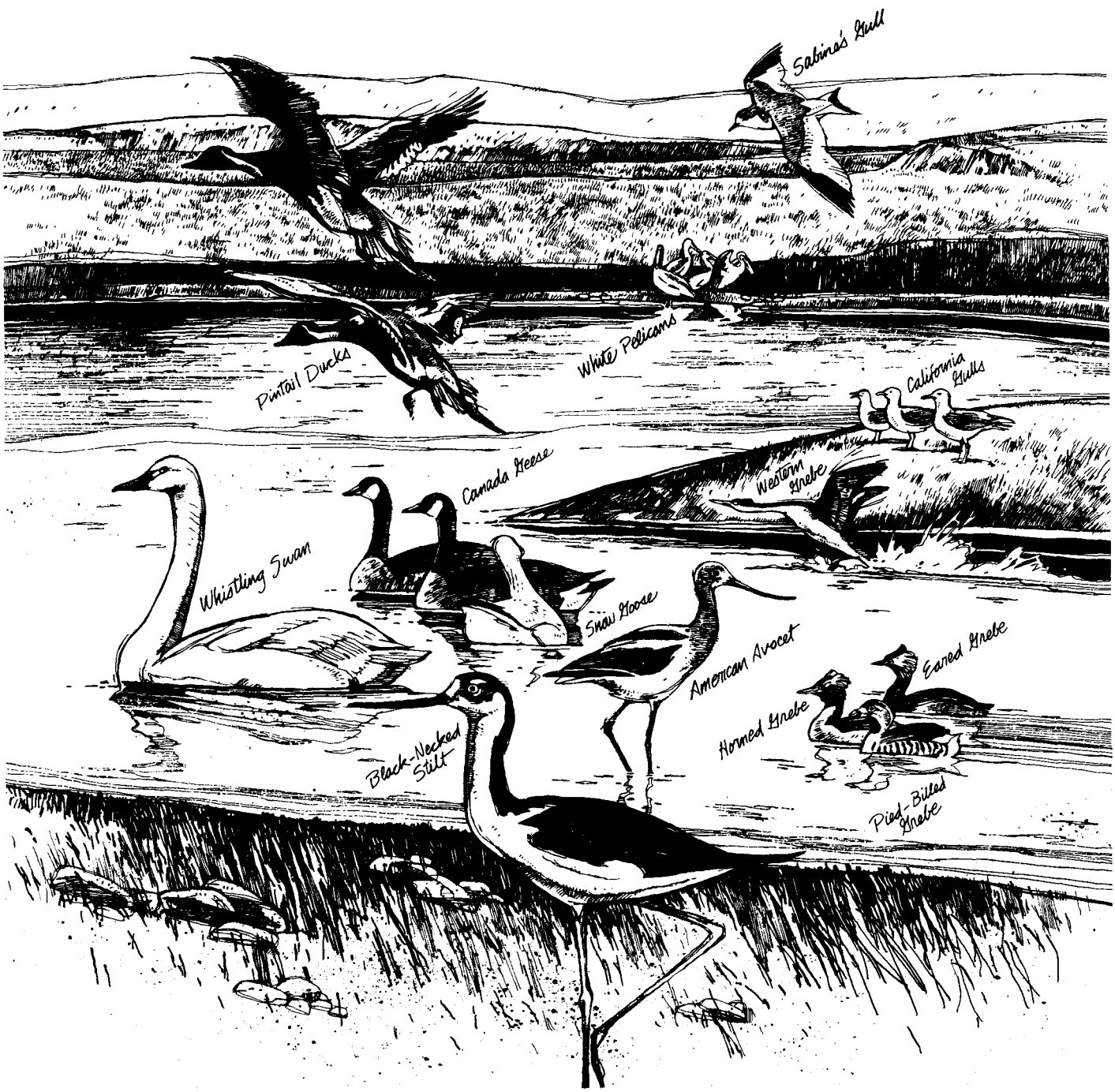

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JOHN LUKACS

Poland's Hope

FASTER IN WARSAW

HOLY THURSDAY. The plane from Frankfurt to Warsaw is empty. When I present my ticket and my passport I detect a flicker of surprise on the face of the woman at the Lufthansa counter, of the porter, of the German customs official. A long wait. I read a German newsmagazine, in which the longest article deals with sex research —five or six experts assuring German manhood that they need not worry about the length of their penises, anything more than 8.5 centimeters ought to do. In front of me two Germans in Bavarian hunting suits, with pinched, high-colored Holbein faces and blue eyes, carry shotguns in fine leather cases. To go shooting in Poland, in a poor country, is a bargain now. The plane flies over Czechoslovakia, avoiding East Germany. Over Prague it changes course to the northeast.

Even before our landing, the poverty of Poland is visible. As the plane descends and swoops low I see smoke-darkened farmhouses, with faded red, battered roofs; an old, broken-down truck in the yard here and there. And now we roll to a stop on the runway. The bus is an aged German airport bus, obviously bought second-hand. The airport is reminiscent of the 1950s: a crowded, soiled hangar. Before me a Polish woman, coming from the United States or Canada, opens up her suitcase: it contains oranges and grapefruit, nothing else. They let her through. It takes me, with a single, hand-carried bag, half an hour to go through the passport booth and the customs. Through the rickety steel doors I emerge into a hall packed with people waiting for relatives to pass through the official sieve.

Immediately two young men corral me. "Taxi?" I say yes. Where? I give the name of my hotel. "Ten dollars," they say. "We change money. In taxi. We give you plenty of zloty." I shake them off and find a taxi on my own.

This is a grey city, peopled with weary faces. We shoot along the broad Eastern European boulevards, sliding in and out of the trolley tracks. The buildings are soiled cinereous concrete. We drive past a skyscraper in the Stalinist style, the Palace of Culture, foisted by the Soviets on Warsaw thirty years ago. It is half Woolworth Building, half Moscow gingerbread, immensely ugly, pock-marked with dirt, as if the relentless artillery of time were transforming it into something prehistoric, a tower melting into stalactites: concrete bent and deformed by time, a living example much better than that silly watch by Dali. We drive up to the hotel. The driver pulls out my bag, sees a book in its outside pocket, reads the title (it is Maisie Ward's biography of Chesterton). "Oh," he says. "Very fine." I give him two dollars, obviously more than enough.

The hotel is an American block in the middle of the city, all cement and glass. It looks like an enormous underwater vessel, beached. To get my visa I had to pay more than $100 a day for my room in advance. The halls and my room have all the accoutrements of an intercontinental hotel, from plastic shower-cap to minibar. It is convenient rather than comfortable, and ugly to boot. And now it is early afternoon, and I walk out of the hotel into this strange metropolis with its large empty wastelands.

I see . . . a ruined hotel from the Twenties . . . soldiers with impassive faces and Soviet-style trousers tucked into their boots . . . the ashen face of the city that has suffered more than any city in this century, and this includes Leningrad and Stalingrad, Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

In the siege of Warsaw in 1939, one out of every four buildings was destroyed. During the Rising in 1944, one out of the remaining three. Then the Germans destroyed most of the rest in a fury at the Poles: had the Poles not resisted, the Second World War would not have begun as it did, and they and Hitler would have been the masters of Europe yet, instead of facing defeat. When the Soviet Army finally moved into Warsaw (four months after it had stopped to watch the destruction of the city and of its people) nine out of ten buildings had been burned or smashed by the Germans. I lived through the Second World War in another Central European capital; now, nearly forty years later, in the nostrils of my memory I can still smell remnant scents of that war.

The rebuilding of Warsaw is still incomplete. The churches

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and the Old Town have been rebuilt. The baroque church of S. S. Wizytek is full of people, the afternoon Mass is ending. It has nothing of the warm spicy darkness of the Italian or Spanish Baroque churches, with people milling around their vestibules; there is an air of infinite seriousness about it. It is like the treasured possession of an old and battered, impoverished family, a place of sad and profound pride.

I walk out and along the wide boulevards, so very Central-Eastern European, with their Empire façades and windows but not more than one or two stories high. I go into the university compound: without knowing Polish, I attempt to read the wall posters and papers, and I can glimpse the expressions of freedom and of solidarity in the literal sense of those words. Night has come. I return to the hotel and try to sleep.

GOOD FRIDAY. I wake up early and stare out into the grey asphalt desert where every hour on the hour three Polish soldiers in greatcoats march across to change the guard at the monument to the Unknown Soldier. Fifty paces before it they break into a parade step, reminiscent of the German and Russian goose-step but somewhat less brutal, their arms swinging.

I begin my telephoning. I have four, five addresses of people I want to see. I do not know Polish but somehow I get through, with the help of the operator. The people answer with all the hospitality of the old Eastern European tradition, in halting English or in broken German. (The old Francophone upper class of Poland is almost all gone.)

Around eight, snow begins to fall, driven by the wind diagonally past my enormous window. It is somehow fitting, in this scene of wintry desolation.

I have a free morning, I put on a sweater under my thin raincoat and walk out into the city. I walk the entire length of the Krakowski and the Nowy Swiat.

This is a city of all-encompassing poverty. But the poverty

has a smell that is acrid, not sour, like the proud poverty of a woman standing tall in her old fur coat. Again, there is the sense of a time that is past: this is how Vienna must have been in the late 1940s, or Budapest in the 1950s, and yet it is different. These are not the faces of a defeated people.

There are long lines before the stores: meat stores, bakeries, pastry shops, fish markets, even at the newspaper kiosks. (I am told later that there is a reason for this last: people line up not merely for cigarettes but because the newspapers, now reasonably free, are worth reading.) The people in the lines do not push or swarm, as in Moscow or Belgrade; they remind me of the stoicism of the queues of English during the war.

Many shops sell souvenirs—mostly amber from the Baltic—but, really, there is almost nothing to buy. These are privately owned shops: free enterprise breaking through, as in many other places of Eastern Europe. Again, I notice the self-composure of the people: when I and the few other tourists (mostly Germans) reach the counters and ask a few questions, there is none of the anxious servility of shopkeepers in a poor country.

The snow has stopped, and the sky is slate-colored; a few fast-scudding clouds, and once in a while the sun shows its face; but it is a distant face, bright without much warmth. I walk north, toward the Old City.

Warsaw was never a particularly beautiful or even pretty town, for many reasons, one of them being that the Polish aristocracy, with few exceptions, did not choose to live there: their palatial houses were in the country. Yet the Old City has a character of its own, like Saxon Dresden. Canaletto and Bellotto painted its vistas. Warsaw sits deep within the Polish plain, but the architecture has no Russian or Eastern marks: it is Baltic, Hanseatic, northeastern European, the gabled façades like Lubeck or Danzig (Gdansk) or Tallinn. Before the war, people of the Old City lived in the discomfort, clutter, and dirt of the eighteenth century, without plumbing, often on beaten mud floors.

The Old City was the center of the heroic 1944 rising. The Germans destroyed it, but after the war the Communist regime chose to rebuild it, with infinite care (it is said that some of the façades were reconstructed after minute studies of the Canaletto paintings). Now, 25 years later, the buildings have aged, they have none of the marks of facile or artificial reconstruction. I am chilly but I wish that the snow had not stopped falling, in these silent streets with their buttressed walls and sudden turns and leaded windows, in this compound of civic fortress and merchant-houses, military and bourgeois at the same time.

I return to the hotel, one of whose dining rooms bears the name of Canaletto: it is indistinguishable from a restaurant in an American airport, put together in three days by an expensive designer from New York.

In the afternoon I talk with my Polish acquaintances. They tell me many interesting things. One is this: much of what happened in 1980 began in 1979, on this asphalt wasteland, on this dreariest of cement squares in front of my window; here John Paul II said his Mass that June. Five hundred thousand people came. The government did not interfere, the militia and the police stood back; that enormous crowd was channeled and directed and organized by its own volunteers; there was a sense of self-discipline which

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was not only surprising and impressive but which may have been the initial coagulation of that silent and tremendous force latent in the present unity of the nation.

It is now evening and I go to visit a Polish home, relatives of Polish friends in the United States. This is in Zoliborz, a kind of suburb, and another center of the 1944 rising. Zoliborz is an eighteenth century Polish adaptation of a French phrase, *joli bourg*. Well, it is not much of a bourg, and pas très joli. But again, as in so many other things in Poland, it is the interior which is touching: a destroyed house rebuilt, brick by brick, by the family, and the cosseted familiarity of their lives, worn as they are with daily cares, together with their constant protective attention to their children. We talk (with difficulty) and drink (with ease). They offer me food but I fast on this day. When I leave, the concrete cubes of the villa-like houses are dark Cézanne shapes, with pale yellow lights shining from the windows here and there. It is melancholy without being depressing, with the sense of life—of a very difficult, bruised life—going on and on.

HOLY SATURDAY. Again I cannot sleep, and I have read everything I could lay my hands on. The cement square is emptier than ever. At noon I breakfast with an American friend. He is a professor of international relations, and very knowledgeable about many details of politics; but somehow I know that what I see here is not on the plane of International Relations.

Again I walk through the city in the afternoon. Again long, very long lines of people. (Why, I ask myself at first: the shops are all closed down for Easter.) They are standing in line before the churches, before each of the churches: all kinds of people, bundled up, men and women, old and young. They move forward with great patience, in the churches, to kneel for a moment and kiss a crucifix, or before a sculptured piece or a painting of Christ in the tomb. I want to record this; I lift my camera; I am embarrassed in doing so. But the people do not mind. They seem to be steeped in thought, infinitely serious people, like the lines of people I saw in London 16 years ago, when Winston Churchill was to be buried.

An old woman comes up to me. She says that she will give me zloty for marks or for dollars. She says that she is an ex-nun. In the afternoon the lines stretch even longer, in places for half a mile. A faint sense of the old Poland is still in the streets: a few beggars; in that modern cavern of the hotel, young prostitutes. They look harsh and ugly. I have dinner with a Polish friend; it is very expensive (in Polish money which has lost much of its exchange value), and very bad. Now there is a great silence over the city, even though it is early night and early spring.

EASTER SUNDAY. I go to the Holy Cross Church for Easter Mass. This church of the Lazaristes, built in the late seventeenth century, was destroyed by the Germans in 1944, except for its outer walls, a statue of Christ carrying the cross, and its great Salzburg organ. The church has been rebuilt. The walls are covered with marble plaques, one of them in memory of General Sikorski, the head of the anti-Communist Polish government in London during the war, a national hero whose name was taboo in Poland until very recently.

It is difficult to write about a Mass without lapsing into sentimentalism. So here are some observations on it which will make old-fashioned Catholics nostalgic: The Mass is partly in Latin, partly in Polish. The organ music is ineffably moving and beautiful. The priests wear their old cassocks, the nuns their old habits. Not more than 10 per cent of a hundred take communion—it is reminiscent of the Old Dispensation, of what we were taught in our youth: you ought not to go to communion unless you know that you are in a state of grace.

It is a joyous feast, the Eastern Resurrection, but the people are deeply serious; this Mass has none of the emotional, communal, orgiastic jubilation of the Orthodox churches, the exclamation of Christ Having Risen. So many crippled people, so many people with worn faces: they must have personal knowledge of much of Calvary, that Christ has fallen and risen, fallen and risen, again and again . . .

The communion hymn is exceptionally beautiful, it touches me deeply. I would write that its beauty is "unearthly," except that there is something worldly about it, in the deep and faithful sense of that adjective; I am reminded of Bonhoeffer's phrase (that, too, in 1944, in the shadow of his martyrdom): "*Nicht von der Welt zu Gott, sondern von Gott zur Welt geht der Weg Jesu Christi.*" "The way of Christ is not from this world to God, it is from God to this world."

Every people has the liturgy it deserves.

I know that I am in the presence of something profoundly historical: the existence of this nation, here in the eastern marches of Europe, is inextricably bound together with a belief that is Western, Catholic, Roman . . . and, in an odd way, modern. Like their famous Our Lady of Czestochowa, at first glance very dark like a Byzantine icon, but her face is a sensitive, European face; it has none of the round, pasty face of the Byzantine and Orthodox saints—big-eyed, yet expressionless, deadened and deadening.

THE CROWDS stream out into the pale sunlight. Priests lope across the boulevard in their long cassocks, they wear berets in the French manner.

I go to Zoliborz to visit my new-found friends. An entire family sits around a table, 12 of them, on this one of the two great feasts of the year. The table is laden with food. Every few minutes a new dish is brought in by the women, and we drink small tumblers of vodka. The talk, in broken German and English, goes on. In the back of the room the Mass is celebrated over color television. After that the Pope: a priest reads his Easter letter to the people of Poland.

I am ready to return to my empty hotel but they won't let me. We go to the Powazkowski cemetery. They buy rushlights for their parents' graves. The cemetery has that crowded darkness of European cemeteries, as if the dead would, sooner or later, burst from their graves, as if the earth were composed of rich black rust; the marble tablets are often split and broken. It is a cemetery of families and of martyrs. Generals of the anti-Communist and of the Communist underground armies are buried side by side. Behind it is the wall of the Jewish cemetery where people were buried even during the awful months of the ghetto siege. The cemetery is a museum, a living museum of the dead.

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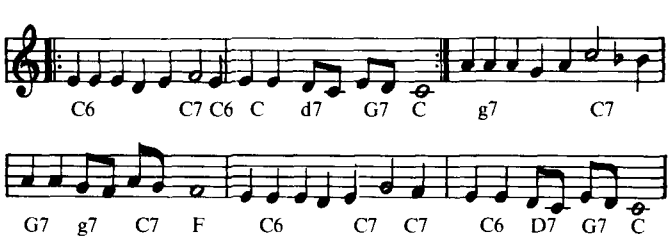
Now it is dark and I think I must go to the hotel; but I am the prisoner of these hospitable people. We return to their house, more food. The color television flickers on: the evening news. Again the first item is the Pope, the second item is pictures from Rome. After the news we watch a sensitive Polish film which I can follow even though I do not know Polish, a film by Wajda: misty scenes of a country house and dreamy faces of gentle young men and women from before the War; it suggests their latent nostalgia for the Second Republic.

I emerge to the dark cubes and shapes of the houses in Zoliborz and an empty city with few people on the streets. I am back in my hotel, in the empty lobby with the shiny paneling and the fake brass.

EASTER MONDAY. This is another holiday: everything is closed. Snow flurries again. I breakfast with foreign journalists. They, and the people at the next table, discuss the prospect of Russian invasion openly. Will they intervene or not? During the past four days my Polish acquaintances spoke less frequently about that. In spite of the many bits of political information and gossip, I find the conversation uninteresting. It is all about the relations of governments and states, not about nations and their peoples.

My last walk through Warsaw. I cross it for hours. I see the desolate wastes of the ghetto. How much more animated this city would be with the presence of Polish Jews. I think that the Poles sense this. Some of their atavistic antisemitism may lie buried under the rubble of that ghetto. Whether they are *relieved* by the absence of their Jewish minority—a sad and cruel possibility of a thought which must be entertained—I do not know. What I think is that they know how, in the midst of their own Golgotha, they were the witnesses of an even greater tragedy, the enormity of which surpassed their own.

The streets are empty; but around the churches are little swarms of people. I walk into the church of the Holy Cross. And what luck: the Mass is half over, and the organist plays that most beautiful of hymns again. I am transfixed. The Mass is ended. I try to find a priest, find the stairs to the loft, find the organist, to ask for the music of the hymn. I cannot find my way, but the music swims in my ear for a long time. I return to the hotel and write it down. Here it is:

Later in the afternoon I drive to the airport. There, and perhaps there alone, I have the impression of being in a police state: the many soldiers, the grim and often senseless regulations. Sergeants in their uniforms, carrying briefcases in the Eastern European manner. On the terrace of the airport crowds of Poles are waving good-bye to their relatives and friends.

The Swissair plane begins to hum, and in a few moments we are over this desolate city and over the broken roofs of the barns and the dirt roads. Two hours to Zurich. I haven't seen a Western newspaper for nearly a week. The Swiss are wonderfully efficient; next to me on the rack are the latest American magazines. I pick the first one, the latest issue of *Esquire*. My eye is caught by an advertisement of the after-shave lotion I use. The text is unabashedly pornographic. The next article, by a noted literary critic, again dwells, among other things, on the size of penises. An article about what and who are in, even more vulgar than the pornography. The shiny pages of the magazine are tacky with mental filth. The Swiss airplane is clean, even the airplane food is excellent. But I am back in the West.

II

What happened in Poland, what is happening in Poland, is a slow earthquake, a development of tremendous dimensions. It involves, less than one hundred years after the death of Marx, the death of Communism, not only in Poland but in all of Europe, except that Poland, in this respect, is ahead of the rest of Europe: for in Poland not only has Communism died, it is there being buried.

The burial of an idea, of an ideology, of a governmental system does not happen overnight. The first shovelfuls of earth were turned long ago; but by September 1, 1980 the grave was open, and the ceremony could begin.

September 1, 1980 was a great event: the signing of the accord between the government and Solidarity in Gdansk, the minister of the Communist government shaking hands with Lech Walesa, their agreement meaning in practice that the monopoly of the party's power in the state was now finished, once and for all, because a new force had risen in Poland, representative of the nation. This happened on the first day of September, and in Gdansk: on the same day of the year and in the city, Danzig, where the terrible Second World War and the awful modern tragedy of Poland began—perhaps a sign of that "epic completeness which critics call the long arm of coincidence and prophets the hand of God."

What happened in Poland in 1980 was not what had happened there in 1956, what happened in Hungary in 1956 or in Czechoslovakia in 1968. This was not a revolution begun by intellectuals or by reformist Communists; it was the achievement of a conscious working class, standing Marx and Lenin on their heads. In 1956, in Poland and in Hungary, there was ample evidence that the workers had no stomach for Communism and that they would fight against the Sovietized state, if they must; but in 1980 in Poland the workers—of a younger generation, born and brought up under Communism—both led and represented the entire nation, including the Communists.

A few weeks later a monument was erected in Gdansk—with members of the government party at the ceremony, bowing their heads—to commemorate the workers who had died during the demonstrations in 1970 against the Com-

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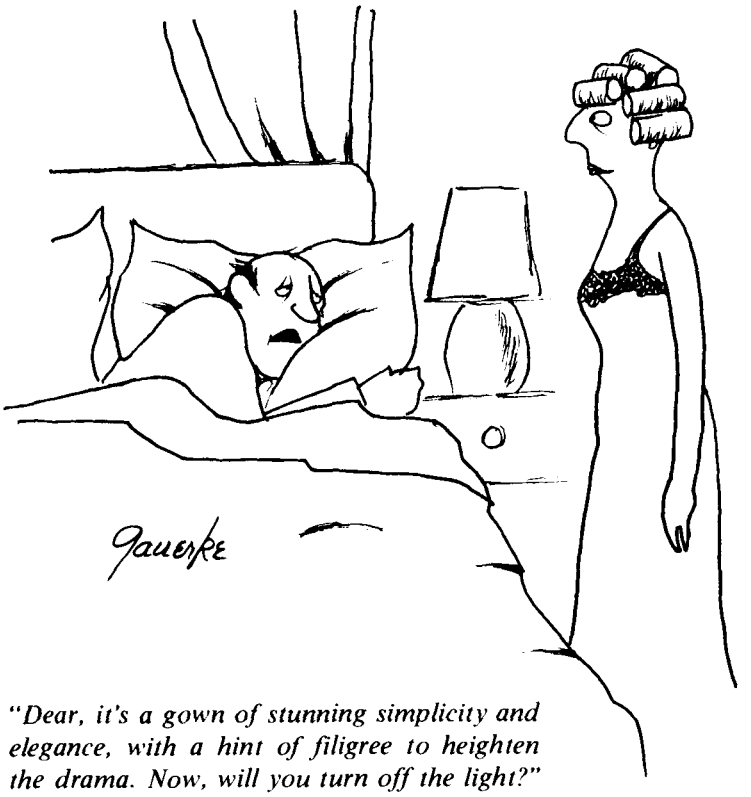
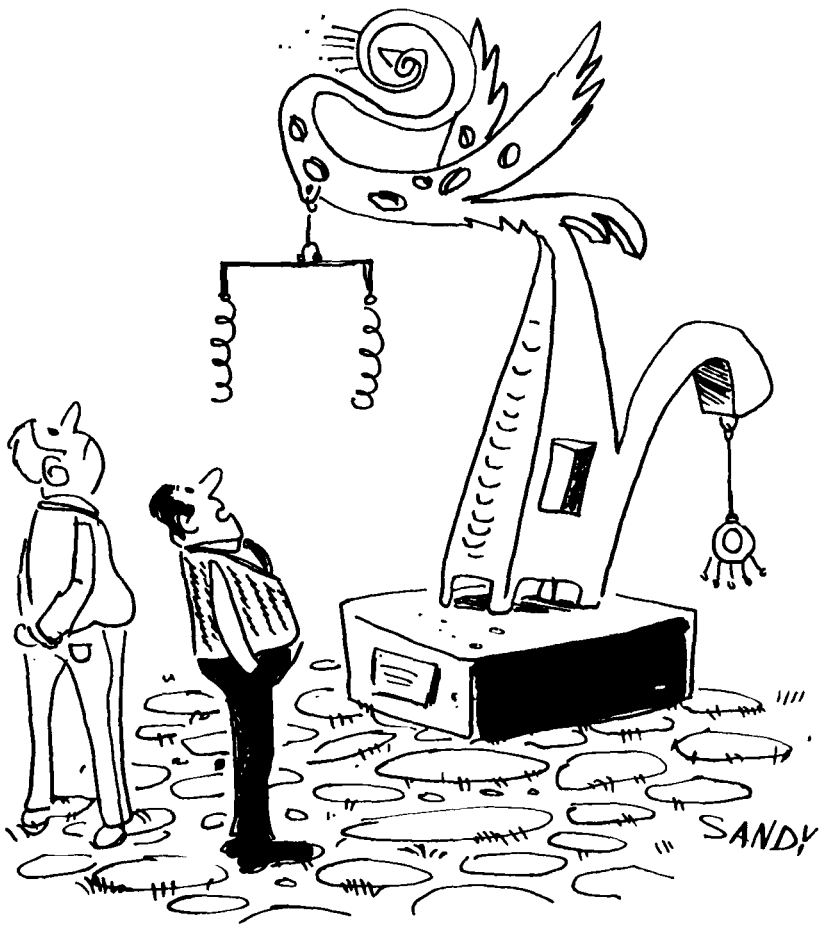
Just as rates began to slide,
Whoosh, they're soaring. What a ride!
I don't mind a gentle rise
As the cycle slowly dies:
It's those sudden starts and stops.
Must you be so jerky, Pops?
Please don't gun the thing again;
Half my stomach's still on ten.

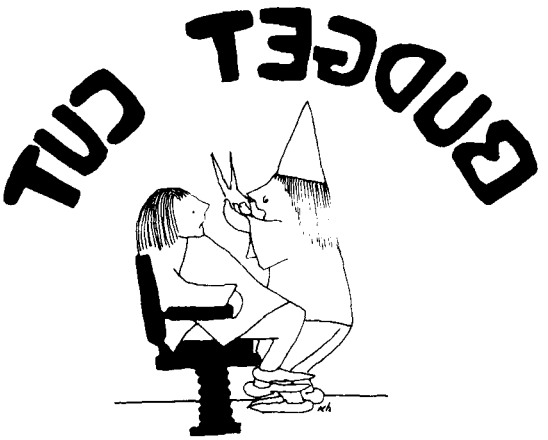
W. H. VON DREELE



"Dear, it's a gown of stunning simplicity and elegance, with a hint of filigree to heighten the drama. Now, will you turn off the light?"



"It's a powerful statement about something, but damned if I know what it is."



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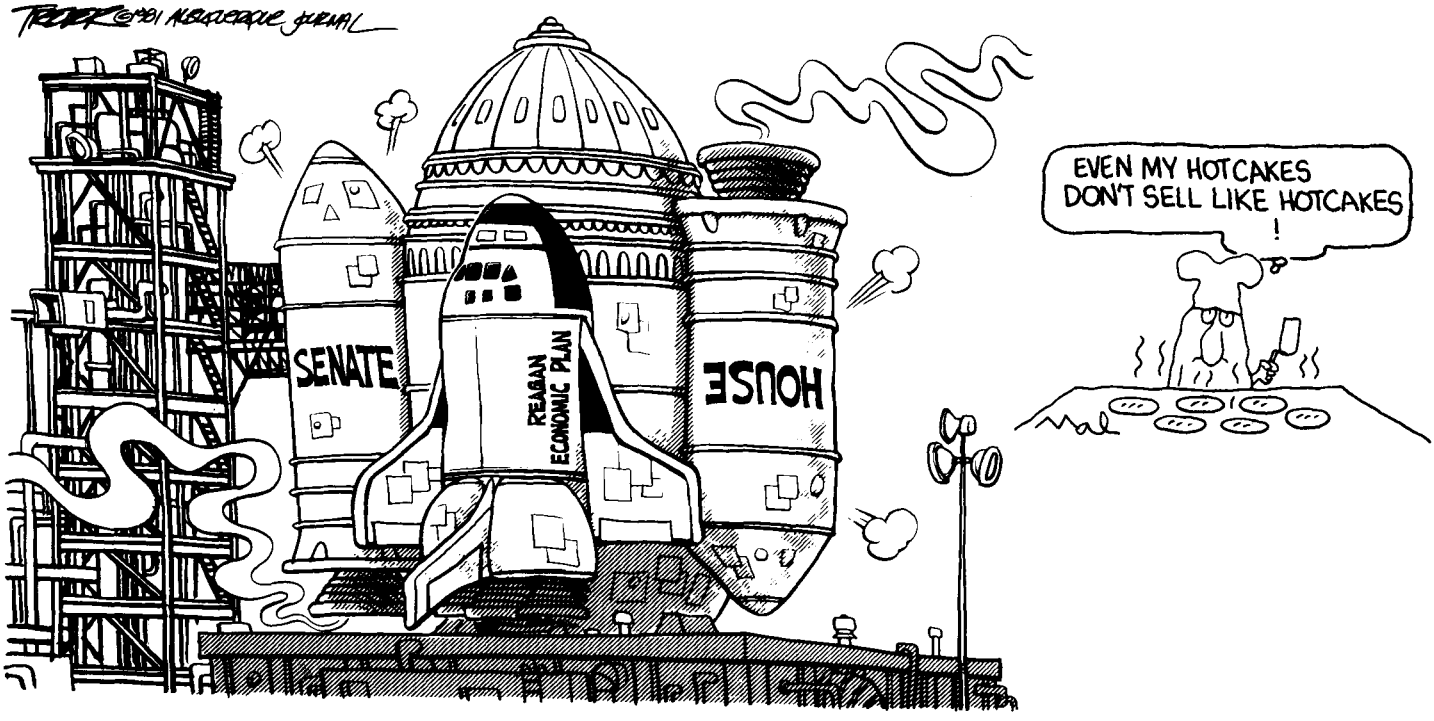

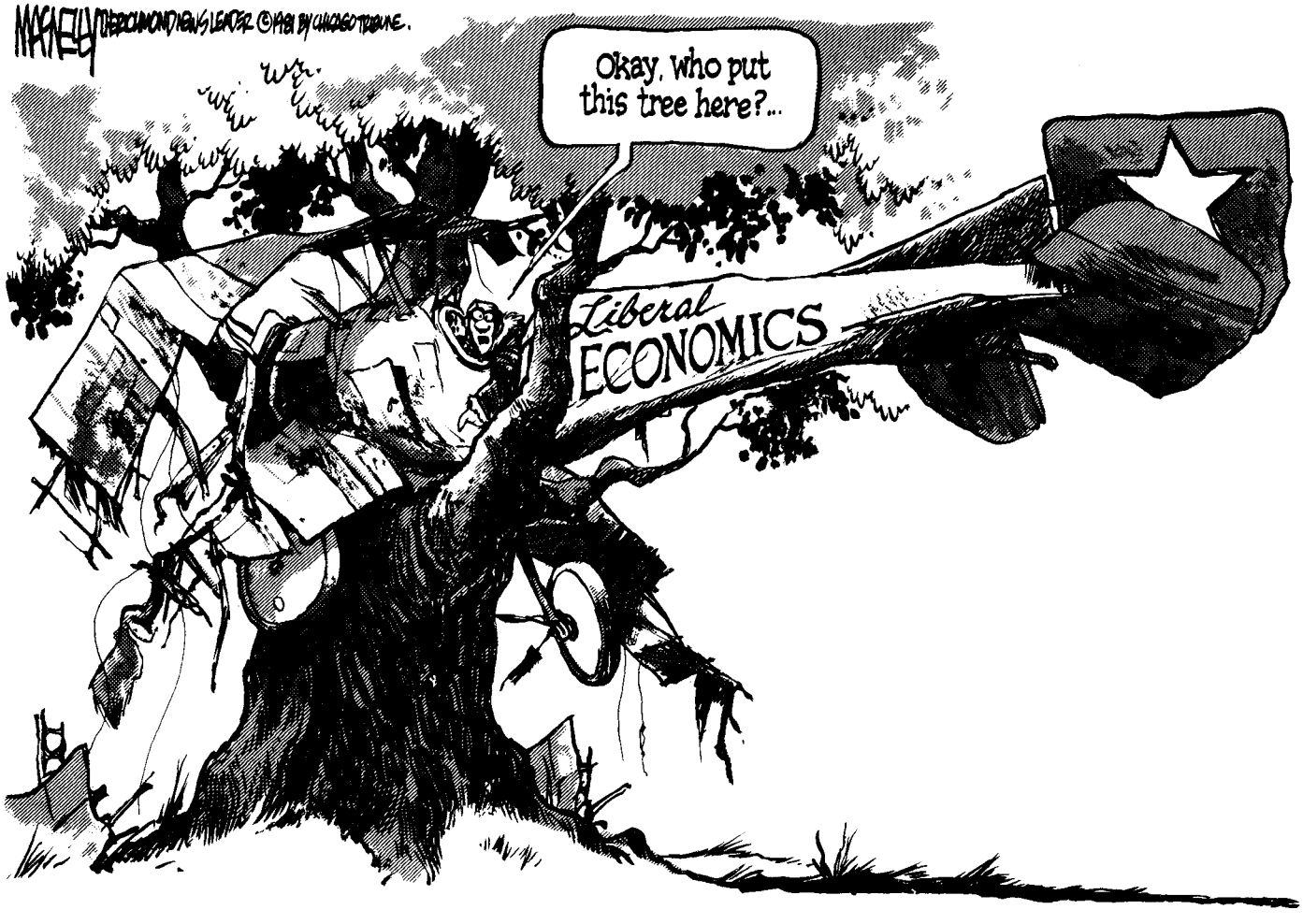

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munist government. It was as if, say, a few years after the Kronstadt uprising, the single rebellion against the Soviet government, Lenin or Stalin had been constrained to send representatives to celebrate the martyrdom of the Kronstadt workers who had been gunned down by Lenin's (and, for the sake of New York intellectuals, let me also add, by Trotsky's) orders in 1921.

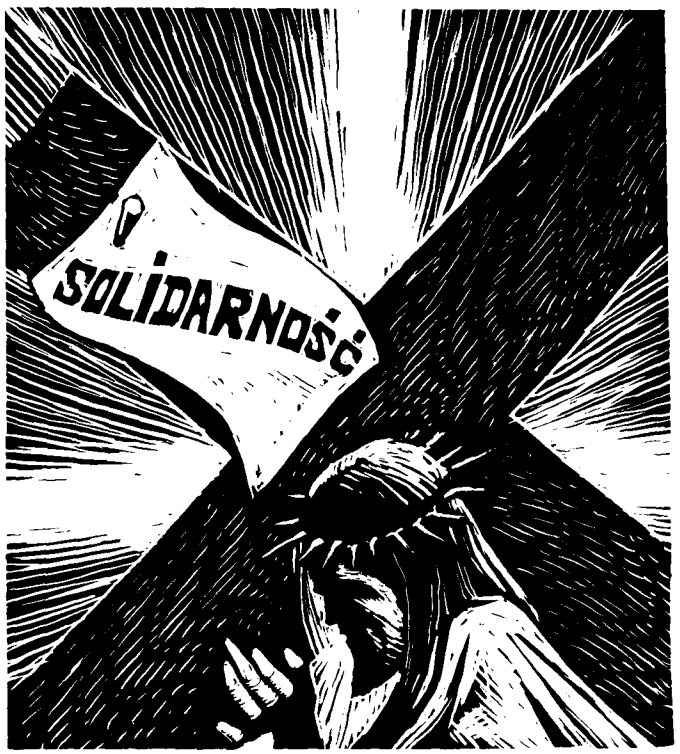
The leader of the Polish workers, Lech Walesa, a simple electrician, said on one occasion: "We are not against socialism. . . . Where have the last 35 years led us? To a society of petty crooks, cheaters, tricksters, accommodationists. We must restore the morale of the nation. I have no power, I have only heart and faith. Every morning I go to Mass and receive communion. Why? Because that is the source of my strength." I have written it before, and I write it again: Walesa is the most impressive European personality since de Gaulle. He was born in 1944, in that most tragic year in the tragic history of Poland, a country which was the helpless victim of events then, and which may be the forerunner of great historical developments now.

Last September I quoted in *The New Republic* the sentence that the great French Catholic visionary and poet Charles Péguy wrote seventy or so years ago: "The true revolutionaries of the twentieth century will be the fathers of Christian families." He means that the bourgeois state of France and the West was so rotten and corrupt that to be a Christian would take extraordinary courage, would require standing up against nearly everything in the modern world. And now, when the institutions of the West, including even some of the hierarchies and the bureaucracies of the Church, are infested with opportunists in whose minds the flame of conviction has flickered out, Walesa, with his six children, is the "true revolutionary"—as was de Gaulle, a student of Péguy, who, in 1940, rose in solitary revolt against the dreadful tide, against the corrupt surrender of France.

The present history of Poland is alone sufficient to refute Nietzsche.

Economics has nothing to do with it. "To be a person," the present Pope wrote many years ago, when he was a personalist theologian in Kracow, "means *to be* more rather than *to have* more."

To be more . . . This is the greatest aspiration of the Poles today. The great, the grave question is: can they do it alone? Three times in the eighteenth century Poland was invaded and cut up by her neighbor monarchs, because she stood alone. After Napoleon's defeat, the British and the French could not restore Polish independence against the resolution of the Czar; she was alone. Twice during the nineteenth century the Poles rose against the Russians; they were defeated, because they were alone. After the First World War Poland gained her independence, because Germany and Russia were defeated and convulsed, and because the victorious Western allies supported the Polish cause. Twenty years later the Poles were crushed again, and 25 years later they were crushed yet again—because the Western democracies could not, or would not, help them. Now the Poles are more alone than ever. They know, and the Russians know, that if Russian tanks rumble into their cities



the West Europeans and the British and the Americans will do little more than declare that they will—temporarily—halt their shipments of wheat and of chaff to Moscow.

They are alone in another sense, too. What has happened in Poland during the last ten months has not spread to other Eastern European countries, all the fears of the Russians—and especially of the East Germans and the Czechs—notwithstanding. As a matter of fact, until now the other Eastern European working classes have not been particularly sympathetic to the Poles. What we know of popular sentiment in the other Eastern European countries, including the traditionally sympathetic Hungarians, seems to be on the order of "The Poles are causing trouble again. They are rocking the boat. They won't get away with it."

Worse, and more contemptible, are the reactions of the Ukrainians and of the Russians. The Ukrainians hate and envy the Poles. So do the Russians. The Russian masses are not stirring. What they are saying, among themselves—and there is plenty of evidence for this, heard and overheard by Westerners in Moscow—is this: "The Poles are causing trouble again. Ungrateful wretches! We liberated them in the war, and we are giving them help. We have to stand in line, because all of our meat is going to Poland." That this is not true doesn't matter, at least in the short run: for this is how the masses of the Russian people think.

I have a very great and deep admiration for Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, and I have written as much, but what is happening in Eastern Europe now is evidence that one of his fundamental beliefs is nonsense—somewhere between sentimental nonsense and absolute nonsense. For Solzhenitsyn has said, over and over again, that the tyranny of the Soviets is an alien imposition upon the Russian character; that the Russian people are enslaved against their will. How come, then, that not one Pole—and not one Russian dissident—expects any sympathy or help from the Russian

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people; that the reactions of the Russian populace to the events in Poland are, at worst, hostile and, at best, indifferent? (In accord with Solzhenitsyn's nineteenth century forerunner, Dostoevsky, who hated the Poles to the end.)

So far as the Soviet leadership goes, it is divided. Their dilemma is truly difficult. During the "enlightened" eighteenth century, a neighboring state could be reduced by the cynical decisions of monarchs. But today's Soviet rulers face not a state apparatus, not even an army, but an entire people. To say that the Soviet solution will be an invasion by "osmosis," as Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger suggested repeatedly in April, is silly.

THE TEXTURE of history has changed; and all of this has little to do with that abstract study of states which is—inaccurately and wrongly—called "international" relations. After the First World War, the words of an American President assisted the creation of an independent Poland. During and after the Second World War, the United States could have assisted the restoration of an independent Poland—at the risk of war with the Soviet Union. By now, with space rockets and hydrogenated missiles at its disposal, the United States can, and will, do little or nothing. Rightly so: the Poles must do it themselves. Let us recall that few of the nations of Europe, surely very few of the Eastern European nations, won their independence without foreign help. Even such a large country as Italy, whose leaders more than a century ago said: *L'Italia fara di se*—Italy will do it herself—didn't. Italy needed French armies, and Bismarck's help, and the support of the Western allies during the First World War. But let me repeat: the texture of history is no longer the same.

The Poles may do it alone. They are not challenging the Soviets, certainly not for purposes of domestic posturing. Unlike Hungary in 1956, they do not proclaim their "neutrality" or their withdrawal from the Warsaw Pact, and not only because of political prudence. In 1956 the Soviets accepted the end of collective agriculture in Poland, allowing individual ownership of the land. They may have to acquiesce in the existence of independent trade unions. What worries them now is yet another step: the democratization of the Polish Communist—to be more exact, of the Polish governmental—Party. They may—I am not saying they will—accept that too.

The Poles are united and the Soviet leadership is divided. Is it not in our interests to pay more attention, and perhaps even some respect, to those among the leaders of the Soviet Union, probably including President Brezhnev, who are reluctant to plunge into Poland, who resist the proddings of their generals and of their police apparatus, aware as they may be of the incalculable and of the unpredictable element in the nature of history?

In any event, what happens in Poland was, is, and will be something quite different. The retreat of Communism will not mean an automatic triumph for capitalist democracy. Rightly so: why should the Soviets suffer a resounding defeat when the West doesn't deserve a victory?

And in one important sense—which is not measurable, either through popularity polls or through the number of divisions—the Poles are not alone.

"He who followeth me walketh not in darkness," saith our Lord. There are three important people in the world today: Reagan, Brezhnev, and the Pope; and it is at least possible that the strongest of them is the Pope.

Many in Poland say that it was the Pope's presence which crystallized this new kind of national resolution. All kinds of knowledgeable people agree—including the Russians, who have a great respect for the Pope and for the Cardinal-Primate of Poland, alas, very ill now. (When the shocking news of the attempt on the life of the Pope reached Warsaw, the churches were instantly filled with people and that evening all theaters, restaurants, places of public entertainment were shut down.) During the past eventful months there have been many instances when Catholic political personages and the Catholic party have been acknowledged as the moderates in Poland, trusted and listened to by the Party as well as by Solidarity, by many Poles, and even by certain Russians.

Two years ago, in 1979, and well over a year before the events in Gdansk, town planners and municipal authorities in the Polish town of Tychy decided to remove a crucifix from one of its squares. Instant resistance ensued; there were popular demonstrations and the authorities gave in. In early 1980—months before the Solidarity strike—people were invited to a retreat to fast for ten days in the church of Podkova Lesna outside Warsaw, in protest against some of the prevalent restrictions on civic and personal rights. A handful were expected: but hundreds came, including workers and intellectuals, young and old, a few from abroad. *They, including self-avowed atheists, fasted for ten days, and attended Mass every day.* One lone Hungarian Catholic pilgrim wrote: "Those who partook in the Mass were completely united in spirit. One could sense the actual presence of the Holy Ghost. Of course the importance of this small temporary gathering of ours has been dwarfed by the tremendous movement of the united Polish workers a few months later. . . ."

What has been happening in Poland in 1980-81 is not a spring, not a thaw, but a kind of spiritual harvest. It is the rise of a people who have lived through Calvary, and who cannot be destroyed. It is not like that other Easter rising about which Yeats wrote that a terrible beauty was born. The terrible beauty of the Poles is within their past. The tree of their Golgotha is green with life, new life.

POSTSCRIPT. *1 May.* During the procession, for the first time, Party leaders walked with the people. A local newspaper wrote: "The crowds are reminded that it is the nation leading the Party, and not the other way around." *3 May.* The feast of national independence was celebrated for the first time since the war. The Constitution of 1791 was exhibited by Solidarity in the former royal palace of Warsaw, and the Church rededicated the day to the Holy Virgin, Regina Poloniae. *5 May.* I received a postcard from Owen Barfield, perhaps the greatest living English thinker of our times. I had sent him a postcard from Warsaw. Barfield now writes: ". . . I envied you your visit to Poland, which seems at the moment to be in something like the key position Britain occupied for a time in 1940."

So it is. □

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GRENADA

The Cuban Yoke

MAXWELL HARROW

THE EX-BRITISH Caribbean island of Grenada continues to be Castro's favorite colony. There are now over five thousand Cubans on the island, led by "Ambassador" Julian Rizo, with Russian "cruise" ships off-loading arms and material for their base; the jet airstrip is being raced to conclusion, with shifts of Cuban operators working through the night.

The familiar pattern of Communist colonization proceeds apace. Radio Free Grenada—the semantic is Orwellian—is a weird mixture of sleepy cricket commentary (the English team is touring the West Indies) and news of Zimbabwe, Namibia, and other places unheard of by the average farmer or fisherman on the island. When the Hotel Association complained that tourism was being ruined by official anti-Americanism it was met with blank stares: this was what the book says you put out in a Communist revolution, and they weren't going to stop singing Castro's song—"Semper Fidel." Units of Grenada's ragtag-and-bobtail People's Revolutionary Army have been sent to Angola and El Salvador where they have suffered heavy casualties (locally reported as deserters—the desertion rate on the island itself sometimes rising to a hundred a week).

The Quisling government of Maurice "Bro" Bishop, a Caribbean Babrak Karmal frequently congratulated by the Afghan puppet, is busy taking over as much as possible and ruining the economy; acquisition "in the public interest" by People's Law includes one bank and two hotels, as well as the properties of several Americans. The fragile banana business is threatened by the cold shoulder of British cargo lines currently ostracizing the island. Tourism is nonexistent and no wonder. Signs excoriating imperialism, meaningless to most Grenadans and Orwellian in context since the only visible power is Cuba, greet the visitor. Barbados Prime Minister Tom Adams, whose Customs officials recently searched and stripped a Grenadan Minister en route to a conference of nonaligned nations, has called for expulsion of Grenada from CARICOM (the main inter-island trading federation) on account of its anti-democratic character; such would be a serious step, indeed. As the armed schoolchildren marched and chanted in celebration of the second anniversary of Grenada's revolution (viz. Cuban takeover), 110 men and women entered their third year in the harsh Richmond Hill prison, held there without charges, for the sole offense of having belonged to the wrong political party. The former deputy prime minister is said to be too crippled to walk. There have been many reports of torture.

Mr. Harrow is a West Indian businessman.

In Case of Election

Set against an otherwise democratic drift in the Caribbean, the picture is bleak: enough so to encourage many white-collar Grenadans to emigrate; as in Manley's Jamaica, this exodus is spurred by the fact that they want their children educated, not indoctrinated into Marxism. Meanwhile, the no-collar Grenadan looks around in dismay; he is a nutmeg grower, or fruit or sugar harvester, and a less revolutionary populace would be hard to discern. However, the island's youth—60 per cent are under 15 years of age—have been mobilized into a three-thousand-man army. They carry Russian automatic weaponry. The cane-cutter does not. Any political gathering is instantly broken up by force. Educated opinion on the island estimates that, had Bro Bish staged elections after his coup as promised, he would have got in, narrowly. The previous regime, now depicted (often by falsified tape recordings) as a tyrannous dictatorship, was doubtless due for a change. But if there were Jamaica-style elections in Grenada today, Bishop would not win a single over-twenty vote.

Thus, there are not likely to be elections in Grenada, or a parliament, or a consitution, or a free press, or any other of the appurtenances bequeathed by the British to similar ex-Crown Colonies. Is there any hope, then, for this lovely island sold down the river to Cuba by a bunch of London School of Economics dropouts?

People's Laws

Some. The past year has seen a thorough disillusion at the Cuban yoke. The lack of law is beginning to show—there are no laws except what are termed People's Laws passed as whimsically as those of Alice's Red Queen (whom Bro closely resembles). The army is shaky. There is an attempt to isolate Grenada within the Caribbean community; Edward Seaga, Tom Adams, Mary Eugenia Charles (in Dominica), Milton Cato (in St. Vincent) all know that there but for the grace of God went their own island. St. Lucia's Louisy has completely changed his stance from that of a year ago when he was yelling "Viva la Revolución!" in Grenada with the best of them.

This is the reality; the fantasy—that Communism is carrying all before it, throughout the world—is heard daily over Radio Free Grenada and read in its *Free West Indian* which doubles for *Pravda* or *Granma* locally. There are said to be pockets of armed resistance in the north, landed by PALM (acronym for an anti-Communist group) in Trinidad, which faces its own elections this year. Yet, though there have been several assassination attempts on the Grenadan leadership in the past year, and though rumors of disaffection within the army abound, Bro Bish holds his trump card, namely that in the event of an attempted overthrow he can count on armed support from Cuba. The speed of work on the new airstrip alone suggests this. All the same, the Cubans on the island have recently become jittery; their workmen sleep in lighted sheds, heavily guarded. These are but small signs, perhaps too late already for Grenada and its adjacent oil routes, but they are hopeful. □

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ASSESSING THE RISKS

King Coal and the MELT-DOWN MYTH

BERNARD L. COHEN

MELT-DOWN has become a household word synonymous with the ultimate disaster. That word, referring to a complete melting of the fuel in a nuclear power reactor, was brought to public attention in the movie *The China Syndrome*, and its implications were underlined by the accident at Three Mile Island. Fear of a melt-down has led several commentators to say that we should depend on coal rather than nuclear power for electricity.

How rational is this? According to estimates by government scientists, for nuclear power to be as dangerous as coal we would have to experience a reactor melt-down *every two weeks* somewhere in the United States. If one rejects the credibility of government-sponsored studies and goes to the other extreme of accepting the estimates of the Union of Concerned Scientists (UCS), nuclear risks become equal to those of coal if we have a melt-down only *every six months*.

An *average* melt-down, according to the government estimates, would result in about four hundred eventual cancers. The UCS estimate is ten times higher. But air pollution from coal-burning is generally estimated to be causing about ten thousand fatalities per year in the United States, a rate of four hundred every two weeks (some estimates of the effects of coal-burning are many times higher).

Since there seems to be a credibility problem with government statements, it should be explained that what we refer to as "government estimates" is actually work by scientists whose research is supported by the Federal Government, which includes well over 90 per cent of the involved scientific community. Their scientific work is not subject to political pressure or review, although the official summaries of their documents and the press releases on them are in the political arena. Since science is international, and its findings can be readily checked, incorrect scientific information is ordinarily rapidly exposed in the scientific community, and those responsible pay a heavy price professionally. There is of course some room for honest disagreement in interpretation of data, and that is why UCS can obtain results differing from the government estimates.

The "government estimates" referred to are from the Nuclear Regulatory Commission (NRC) document WASH-1400, better known as the Rasmussen Report. According to some press reports, WASH-1400 was "repudiated" by NRC, but that is an overstatement. Actually NRC accepted the report of a committee headed by H. W. Lewis which said that the *uncertainties* in WASH-1400 are larger than stated; it did not say that the dangers were greater than estimated in WASH-1400, and, in fact, Lewis himself told a congressional committee that he believed that they were smaller. Moreover, the principal criticisms referred to the WASH-1400 estimate of the *probability* of a melt-down, and we are not using that estimate here. We consider only a melt-down's *consequences*.

The report by the Union of Concerned Scientists does not contain as much detail as WASH-1400, but its viewpoint can be roughly represented if all consequences given below are multiplied by ten. The UCS also contends that the probability of a melt-down is ten times larger than the WASH-1400 estimate, but that is not at issue in our discussion.

For nuclear power to be as dangerous as coal-burning we would have to have a melt-down every two weeks. If that statement is shocking, it is because the dangers in a melt-down have been grossly over-sold by the media. A reactor is enclosed in a very powerfully built structure called the "containment" with walls several feet thick made of very heavily reinforced concrete. This gives protection against a wide variety of external threats—the containment would not be breached by an automobile or tree hurled at it by a tornado, by the explosion of a large quantity of TNT placed against its walls, by an airplane flying into it, or by an aerial bomb. In a melt-down, its function is to *contain* the radioactive dust and gases for as long as possible. Inside the containment there is equipment for removing the airborne radioactive dust by sucking the air through filters as in a vacuum cleaner and by scrubbing it with chemical sprays. Most of the dust would simply settle on the walls, so if the containment maintained its integrity for a few days, the consequences of a melt-down would be minimal. This is what is expected to happen in the majority of melt-downs.

That is definitely what would have been expected in the Three Mile Island accident if the necessary measures had not been taken to prevent a melt-down. According to the Kemeny Commission Report, page 14, "even if a melt-down occurred, there is a high probability that the containment building . . . would have been able to prevent the escape of a large amount of radioactivity." Similarly the Rogovin Report states on page 20: "even with a core melt-down . . . the most likely probability is that the reactor building would have survived . . . and the vast majority of the radioactive material would have been retained within the building, not released to the surrounding environment." Actually, none of the systems designed to preserve the containment integrity in such an accident were out of operation or would have been jeopardized by a melt-down, so there is no reason to have expected containment failure at Three Mile Island.

Mr. Cohen, professor of physics at the University of Pittsburgh, is the chairman-elect of the American Nuclear Society's Division of Environmental Sciences.

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Great harm will result only if the containment is breached shortly after the fuel melts. This is highly improbable, and expected in only 1 per cent of all melt-downs, but this low probability factor is somehow ignored in nearly all public discussion. In *The China Syndrome*, the fear is that when the molten fuel comes in contact with water, a steam explosion can occur that would be powerful enough to blow open the containment. To create enough steam in a short enough time to cause such a powerful explosion, the hundred tons of molten fuel would have to be effectively divided into pieces the size of small necklace beads, and all would have to strike the water within less than half a second—a highly unlikely situation. Even then, there would have to be a heavy object on which all this force is focused to act as a missile. It is much more likely for the fuel to drop into water (if it ever does) in rather large chunks, and over a period of many seconds.

It is implied in the movie that even interaction with ground water could cause such an explosion, but the molten fuel would come into contact with ground water only very gradually. If it did so, the steam formed would exert a pressure keeping the rest of the ground water away, so there would be very little contact until the molten fuel cooled and solidified, many days later. Then it would form a glassy solid mass which could not be easily dissolved in water, so that little or no ground water contamination could be expected. If there were a problem of this type, there would be plenty of time—many months or years—to take action to prevent harm to the public.

In accounts of the Harrisburg accident the impression given was that a hydrogen explosion could have ruptured the containment. This is almost certainly not the case. Even if all the hydrogen that could have been produced in that type of accident had exploded in the worst possible way, the containment probably would not have been broken. Since this hydrogen is produced rather gradually and there are many sources of sparks available (e.g., from motors) one would expect the hydrogen to be consumed in many small fires and explosions, which would be much less forceful. In fact, it is believed that there *was* a hydrogen explosion in the containment. It increased the pressure briefly to almost double the outside pressure but this is only one-seventh of the pressure rise needed to break the containment. After the first few hours, the hydrogen level in the containment never rose much above 2 per cent, whereas hydrogen is flammable only at concentrations over 4 per cent, and becomes explosive only after reaching 15 per cent.

In most melt-downs the containment is expected to maintain its integrity for a long time, and the expected number of fatalities is *zero*. That is, most melt-downs would not kill a single person, immediately or eventually. However, as the molten fuel reacts with the concrete floor of the containment, gases would evolve which would slowly build up the pressure inside to the point where gaseous releases may be necessary to avoid cracking the containment. In such cases it is probable that some cancers would be induced. In one out of five melt-downs there would be perhaps a thousand eventual cancer fatalities; in one out of a hundred melt-downs there would be ten thousand—the number of fatalities we now get *each year* from burning coal; and in one out of 100,000 melt-downs there would be 45,000—the number of fatalities each year on our highways.

For nuclear power to be as dangerous as coal-burning, we would have to have a melt-down every two weeks

In addition to cancers, in one out of a hundred melt-downs there would be a few early fatalities, people dying within a month or two from direct effects of radiation. In one of five hundred melt-downs the number of such fatalities would exceed one hundred; in one out of five thousand melt-downs it would exceed one thousand; and in one out of 100,000 melt-downs it would reach thirty-five hundred.

When all of these various kinds of consequences, the cancers and the early fatalities, are added, it works out to an average of four hundred fatalities per melt-down, the number we get every two weeks from burning coal.

Some people say that it's not the *average* that counts, but the catastrophic nature of a single event. They point out that the deaths from air pollution go unnoticed and are therefore less frightening. However, the same would be true of the cancers from a nuclear melt-down. Even the 45,000 cancers caused by the worst accident—expected once in 100,000 melt-downs—would be distributed among ten million people and over a fifty-year time span, with the risk to each individual increased by less than half of 1 per cent. The average American's risk of death from cancer is now 17 per cent, so an increase to 17.5 per cent (for those affected) would not be noticeable. In fact the risk varies in different states, from 19 per cent in New England to 14 per cent in Kentucky and Tennessee, and nobody seems to notice that. The average loss of life expectancy for those exposed would be about one month, which is equal to the risk incurred by an overweight person who gains one additional pound, or a man who smokes one pack of cigarettes every three months. Don't forget that this is the *worst* accident, but it is the only one the news media and *The China Syndrome* elect to discuss.

Let's compare these figures with the worst accidents that could result from using other energy sources that are considered acceptable. There are hydroelectric dams in this country whose failure could kill over 200,000 people. There are potential gas explosions that could kill many hundreds of thousands, and perhaps even wipe out a whole city. There are oil fires possible which could create enough air pollution to kill hundreds of thousands. There have already been air pollution episodes from coal-burning that have killed 3,500 people in a week.

Up to this point we have not mentioned genetic damage, the much publicized effect on future generations. The total number of genetic defects eventually expected from a reactor melt-down is about two-thirds of the number of cancers—the most probable number in a melt-down is zero, but the average number is close to three hundred. These would occur over a period of 150 years, and would be difficult to pinpoint—about 200,000 U.S. babies are born annually with these types of genetic defects.

Coal-burning, meanwhile, produces a large variety of chemicals called mu-

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tagens that induce genetic defects. There is not enough information available to make quantitative estimates, but there is no reason to believe that these effects are less than those from the amount of nuclear radiation we are considering.

And then there is land contamination. We hear repeatedly that a melt-down could contaminate an area the size of Pennsylvania, 45,000 square miles. Of course this depends on one's definition of "contaminate"; it could be said that the whole earth is contaminated, since naturally radioactive elements like uranium, thorium, potassium, and radon are found everywhere, in all rock and soil, in our bodies, and in the air we breathe. But if one uses the definition adopted by the International Commission on Radiological Protection, or by official national organizations that have ruled on the issue, the worst reactor accident would contaminate an area of 3,300 square miles—a circle with a thirty-mile radius—90 per cent of which could be readily decontaminated by such measures as washing hard surfaces with hoses and deep plowing of open fields. Of course any area can be decontaminated at a cost but it would probably be more practical to evacuate some areas for a period of time. In the worst accident, the evacuated area would probably be about three hundred square miles, equivalent to a circle with a ten-mile radius.

In most melt-downs the cost of such an evacuation—including decontamination costs and lost pay—would be less than $50 million, and in nine out of ten it would be less than $300 million. In 1 per cent of all melt-downs the cost would be over $2 billion, and once in ten thousand melt-downs it would reach $15 billion. Averaging over all situations gives a cost of less than $100 million per melt-down. By comparison, the property damage from coal-burning is estimated to be about $13 billion per year, so for the monetary cost to the public to be as large from nuclear power as it now is from coal-burning we would have to have a melt-down every three days.

As a result of fear spread by the media, the U.S. is abandoning nuclear power, depriving us of our cheapest and safest form of energy

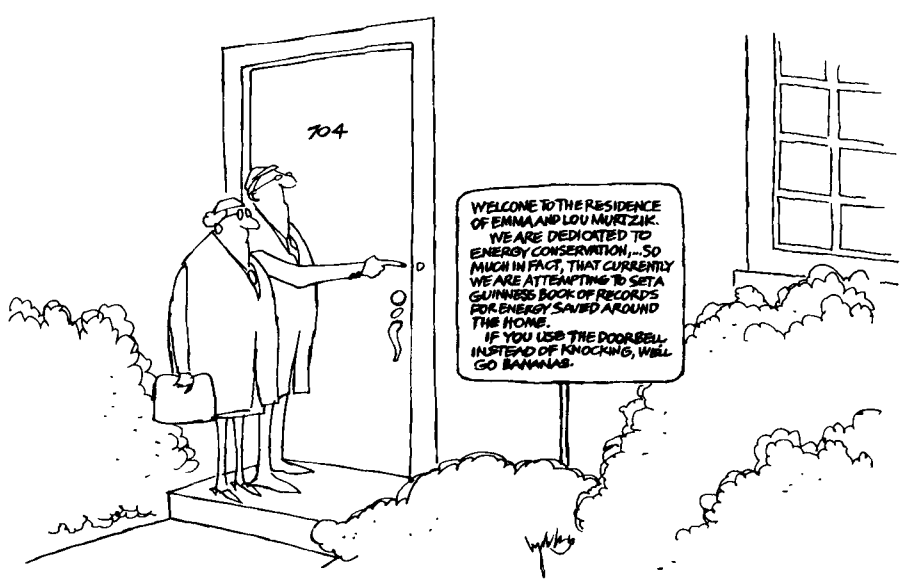
Why then have the media given such a different impression of the costs and risks of a nuclear power accident?

For the first time in the history of our civilization, an industry has exerted an intense effort to determine its environmental effects *in advance*. Thousands of man-years of effort have been expended in dreaming up all the things that could go wrong in nuclear plants and in estimating the possible consequences. (In addition, $2 billion has been spent for research on health effects of radiation, many times more than has been spent studying air pollution, food additives, and other environmental hazards that are generally recognized in the scientific community as being far more dangerous.) With all of this effort, some very damaging scenarios can be developed, although they would have very small probabilities.

A reporter's job is to get an interesting story, something that will attract the attention of the public. If public interest in a nuclear reactor melt-down had not been aroused by *The China Syndrome* and the Harrisburg accident, the facts recited in this article would have been dull—most people don't understand probabilities. A reporter trying to make an interesting story out of it naturally picks the worst possible accident—45,000 cancers, $15 billion cost—to discuss. His story says that a nuclear accident *could* have these consequences, but readers and those reporting a story seldom make a sharp distinction between *could* and *would*. Since media people get most of their information from other media productions, powerful media figures ranging from Dan Rather to Johnny Carson have been convinced that a reactor melt-down is the ultimate disaster. With them preaching this gospel, the public is soon convinced.

Unfortunately, the consequences are tragic. Surely no one believes that we will have a melt-down every two weeks, or even every six months. There have already been over a thousand reactor-years of experience operating nuclear plants around the world, and there have been twice that in experience with naval reactors; and we have not yet had a single melt-down. There has never been an evacuation, although that would be the first action if there appeared to be even a reasonable chance of a melt-down. The Union of Concerned Scientists estimates that if all our electric power were nuclear we would have a melt-down on an average of once in five years; if that were accurate, we probably should have had one by now.

Nonetheless, as a result of the fear spread by the media, the U.S. is abandoning nuclear power. We are thus being deprived of our cheapest and safest form of energy at a time when we desperately need it. Utilities will build coal-fired rather than nuclear plants. Every time this is done, many hundreds of Americans will be condemned to premature death, and close to a billion dollars in extra property damage will be incurred. That is the price we are paying for the media's exciting story. □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WELCOME TO THE RESIDENCE OF EMMA AND LOU MURTZIK. WE ARE DEDICATED TO ENERGY CONSERVATION,..SO MUCH IN FACT, THAT CURRENTLY WE ARE ATTEMPTING TO SET A GUINNESS BOOK OF RECORD'S FOR ENERGY SAVED AROUND THE HOME. IF YOU USE THE DOORBELL INSTEAD OF KNOCKING, WE'LL GO BANANAS.

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Abroad

Brussels *Not Happening Here*

The ten-nation European Common Market has given up any broad attempt to curb the import of Japanese cars this year into its member markets. Although it is unhappy over the agreement between Tokyo and Detroit to cut Japanese automobiles sold in America by 7.7 per cent, it now aims only at holding the level of imports down to last year's figure of 240,000 vehicles. There is simply not enough political strength to be mustered in Europe to back such a demand. For one thing, Ireland, Greece, and Denmark have no domestic automobile industries to protect. For another, France and Italy have national tariffs to shelter their own production. In the case of Britain there is voluntary agreement with the Japanese automobile companies. Only in West Germany and in the Benelux countries are there open markets. Bonn is anxious lest the 140,000 Japanese vehicles which are to be withheld from the United States be sold in the German market, and the Japanese are expected to be prudent in this respect. However the Germans also fear that increased sales in Ireland, Greece, and Denmark will bite into their own marketing effort in those countries. Japanese Foreign Trade Minister Naohiro Amaya will review the situation shortly with Common Market authorities here. It is expected that holding imports to last year's level will be the best agreement obtainable.

Mexico *Gazing at the Pacific*

Work is proceeding at top speed on the construction of a modern railroad line across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, the narrowest part of Mexico between the Atlantic and the Pacific. The 182-mile land "bridge" will reduce the sea distance between New York and San Francisco by 2,400 miles and will probably draw considerable freight traffic away from the congested Panama Canal to the south. The new rail link will take advantage of container transport, and container facilities have been built at Coatzacoalcos on the Gulf of Mexico and the Pacific Coast port of Salina Cruz. The objective is to handle half a million containers within five years. A British-built single-track railroad operated successfully across the isthmus from 1907 to 1915, when the Panama Canal was opened. Ever since Spain conquered Mexico in the sixteenth century, the Isthmus of Tehuantepec has been the scene of various efforts to use it as an inter-ocean means of commerce, including one scheme to haul actual ships across it on broad-gauge tracks. The new railroad is designed to move one thousand containers every three days, although the efficiency of the operation will ultimately be the determining factor in its use by world shipping. One problem in respect to American cargoes is that U.S. law requires intercoastal freight to be carried under the American flag. The fact that goods would have to travel across Mexican soil, even for a distance of only 182 miles, presents a legal obstacle from the start.

Belgrade *A Year after Tito*

The elaborate commemoration of the anniversary of the death of Marshal Tito cannot hide the political and economic problems which beset Yugoslavia, and in particular the centrifugal pull of its ethnic and linguistic minorities. Yugoslavia has an external debt of an estimated $20 billion. Its economy suffers from a 40 per cent annual rate of inflation. There are 700,000 unemployed, and, despite enormous investment in the development of the southern regions of Montenegro, Macedonia, Bosnia, and Kosovo, the difference in the standard of living between them and the industrial north is great and growing. Furthermore, the ethnic enmities among the country's diverse regions, which Tito's stature was able to keep in hand, have broken out afresh in the face of independence on the part of the "collegial" leadership which succeeded him. A new phenomenon, "bureaucratic nationalism," is affecting the administrative services of the various local capitals, and, in the case of the Albanians of Kosovo, has provoked violence and subsequent repression. The intensity of national feeling among the Croats, Slovenes, Serbs, Macedonians, Montenegrins, and Albanians who make up the country is such that diplomatic observers are beginning to fear a renewal of the immemorial strife of the Balkan peninsula, which the establishment of the Yugoslav federation at the end of the First World War was designed to end.

Rome *Caught*

Letters of famous men can sometimes tarnish their reputations. For instance, in a display of hitherto "secret" documents by the Vatican there is one from Voltaire, who made a profession of anticlericalism, to Pope Benedict XIV. The letter is couched in the most flattering terms, expressing the hope that the Pope will "be received in Heaven by the company of saints" when he dies. It ends by "most humbly asking that you allow me to kiss your sacred feet and to ask, with the deepest respect, for your blessing." Benedict obliged Voltaire by sending him a papal medal, and Voltaire in turn dedicated his *Mahomet* to the Pontiff. The French man of letters subsequently circulated a letter in which the Pope was made to congratulate him on this "magnificent tragedy," a letter, according to later research, the Pope seems never to have written.

Nick, *Punch* Rothco

"Serves her right. She was always whining about women not being allowed to participate in the services."

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Gas Saver Tested & Patented

DENVER—The Copley News Service reported that United States Patents have now been issued to Wm. Trevaskis, California veteran electrical engineer, for his Vapor-Jet® brand water vapor injector (Pat. #4,119,062).

Trevaskis has developed what amounts to a 20 cents per gallon "rebate" on gasoline, by designing a low-cost injector for automobiles, light trucks, vans and recreational vehicles.

The Vapor-Jet® system has survived lab testing by a certified independent automotive testing laboratory. Test results showed miles per gallon improvement of 17.3 per cent on Trevaskis' 1971 Ford Galaxy and 13.3 per cent on a 1973 Olds Starfire.

Water injectors were developed to a highly refined state during World War II, to give combat planes increased speed and extended range. However, up to now, the low price of gas and the high cost and extremely difficult installation required for earlier injectors combined to make them unattractive for automobiles and light trucks.

The design of Trevaskis' new Vapor-Jet® is, on the other hand, very inexpensive ($29.95 + $3.00 shipping) and can be easily installed in ten to fifteen minutes.

The Vapor-Jet® has an unconditional 60 day guarantee. If for any reason you are not satisfied you may return it within 60 days of the day you installed it for a $29.95 refund. Following are some questions most frequently asked about Vapor-Jet® :

How does the Vapor-Jet® system work?

Vapor-Jet® operates very simply with no moving parts to wear out. It uses engine vacuum to pull outside air through a reservoir containing a water/methanol mixture which is attached to the car under the hood. This causes the fluid to bubble and splash forming a mist of water droplets and vapor in the upper part of the reservoir. This mist is then drawn by vacuum through a hose which is connected to any intake manifold suction hose. This connection is made very simply by our exclusive hypodermic-like injector nozzle which contains a regulator to allow just the right amount of mist to pass into the combustion chamber.

The introduction of this mist into the fuel air mixture has a cooling effect that increases the mixture density, extends the burning rate, and improves combustion efficiency. This eliminates ping (predetonation) and dieseling (after running of motor). Since steam is a good cleaner it also helps dissolve carbon deposits on the spark plugs and cylinder walls of older vehicles and helps prevent carbon buildup in new ones. Tests prove engine horsepower and octane ratings are increased with Vapor-Jet® because more fuel is converted into power producing energy. Vapor-Jet® combined with regular gas gives "premium" results.

How much mileage increase can be expected?

This varies from car to car. Independent testing on Trevaskis' car obtained improvements from 13.3% to 17.3%.

Will Vapor-Jet® fit all cars and is it easy to install?

Yes. Vapor-Jet® is easily installed on all domestic and foreign cars, vans, light trucks, R.V.s, campers, motor homes, and small boats. It will work on fuel injection, lean burn cars and cars with turbo chargers and super chargers and rotary engines. It will also work with unleaded gas, gasohol, or propane burning cars. The same kit fits all cars and contains everything needed. Simple installation instructions with a diagram are included and even a novice should be able to install it in less than 10 minutes. Simply take an ice pick or drill and make a small hole through any intake manifold suction hose (i.e.; PCV hose, brake assist hose, vacuum advance hose, etc.). Screw the injector nozzle into the hole, mount the reservoir by means of the bracket and screw supplied and connect the reservoir to the injector nozzle by means of the hose supplied. If you don't want to install it yourself most service stations will for a few bucks.

Can Vapor-Jet® damage my engine or cause rust?

Absolutely not! Vapor-Jet® cools down the fuel air mixture giving a better burn and supresses ping thus aiding your engine. The mist that enters into the engine turns immediately into vapor and exits out the exhaust similar to driving on a rainy day.

What is the purpose of the methanol V.I.M. (Vapor Injector Mix) and how long does a pint last?

The reservoir measures 3½" × 5½" × 7½" and holds just under ½ gal. A full reservoir should last 1,000 to 1,500 miles. Methanol (wood) alcohol is mixed with water mainly to prevent freezing and lesser amounts used to keep the injector nozzle clean in non-freezing weather. The cost of the methanol is minimal because in all but the very coldest climates one gallon will last about 8,000 miles in below 18°F weather and 16,000 miles or more in all weather above 18°F. Sources of methanol are drug stores, paint supply stores, service stations, chemical supply houses and bottled gas companies. Substitutions are ethanol (grain) alcohol or other gas line antifreezes that contain methanol.

For purchase, or further information write or call Ft. Morgan Vapor-Jet® , 15160 Hwy 144, #7, Ft. Morgan, CO 80701, (303) 867-9320. Dealerships available. (offer void in Ca.)

I, enclose $29.95 + $3.00 postage and handling:

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THE OPEN QUESTION

Sixth-Grade Textbooks

I RESPECTFULLY request that this letter be printed in full in an early issue of NATIONAL REVIEW followed by some sort of general apology or retraction.

In the November 28, 1980 issue of NATIONAL REVIEW Russell Kirk, in his column "From the Academy," announced to the world his selection as director of the social-science program of the Educational Research Council of America. Illustrating his indignation over "dull and indolent" teachers who demand "readability" in their textbooks, Kirk cited an example of the outcome of such "dreary demands":

> A result is such an achievement as the following in a typical social-science textbook for the sixth grade:
>
> "The Constitution got adopted by the states. Then the people chose the first President of the United States. The first President of the United States was George Washington. George Washington was a man you have read about before. He had been a general in the American Revolution.
>
> "George Washington was a good President. George Washington got things done. There were arguments about different things in his Administration. Administration means the time when he was President. But George Washington got different people to work things out the democratic way.
>
> "After a few years George Washington stopped being President. Then he gave a famous Farewell Address. An address is a speech. This speech by George Washington told about foreign relations. Foreign relations means the way a country works with other countries. George Washington told about the way a democracy has foreign relations.
>
> "After George Washington came a President named John Adams. John Adams was not popular. Popular means having people like you. After John Adams came another President named Thomas Jefferson. Thomas Jefferson told people more about democracy. . . ."

Et cetera, et cetera. I hasten to add that this is *not* a passage from one of ERCA's textbooks; but neither is it a burlesque of what passes for "social science" in many textbooks.

Dreary stuff, indeed. So dreary that it moved one of my colleagues to write and ask me if it was true. Curious myself, I wrote to Mr. Kirk asking for the complete citation so I could check the text on my own. I received the following response:

> Dear Mr. Gideonse:
>
> Dr. Kirk's November 28, 1980 "From the Academy" piece did not quote from a particular social-science textbook for the sixth grade. It was a pastiche which is typical of many of these textbooks.
>
> He wishes that he had been more clear in this matter.
>
> Sincerely,
> Mike Jordan
> Assistant to Russell Kirk

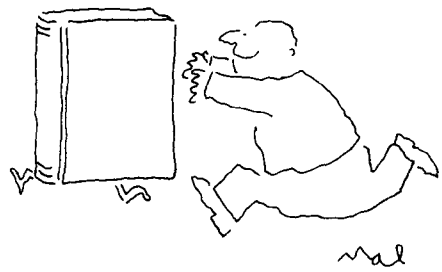
There is no charitable way to say that literary fraud has been committed here. *The offending quote was quite plainly manufactured by Mr. Kirk to suit his own purposes!*

Sincerely,
Hendrik D. Gideonse, Dean
College of Education and Home Economics
University of Cincinnati
Cincinnati, Ohio

Mr. Kirk Replies

It never had crossed my mind that even the most sobersided reader of NATIONAL REVIEW might take my paragraphs of a "typical textbook" for a verbatim transcript from some particular manual. *Sed nil admirari!* Perhaps hereafter we ought to instruct our printers, whenever gentle mockery pollutes our columns, to print in red ink in the margin, "Watch out: here comes the Satire!"

My old friend Wyndham Lewis used to declare that he never had dared pour the molten metal of satire: for satire, irony, parody, and burlesque are understood only in an age that retains some standards; and in our time of standardization without standards, wit is mistaken for plodding exposition. I should have heeded his counsel, bearing in mind that deans of united departments of education and home economics do not possess the liveliest perceptions in the world.



What I presented in my assault on sixth-grade textbook dullness was a *type*, of course, not a citation. ("As any fool can plainly see," in the phrase of the late Li'l Abner.) To have illustrated my point by verbatim quotations, while altogether possible, would have required a volume, rather than a magazine page. For more than a quarter of a century I have reviewed school textbooks, hundreds of them; and in my satirical paragraphs I contrived to suggest some of the more frequent sins of commission and omission of the typical manual of this sort. Among these, the less literalist and fundamentalist of NATIONAL REVIEW readers will have noticed, are short, choppy, boring sentence-structure; repetition of the concluding words of one sentence in the beginning words of the next sentence (as a deliberate editorial policy!); vague simplistic generalizations about complex subjects; insertion of simplistic definitions, apparently on the assumption that the average child is a moron; devotion to the ideology of Democratism ("four legs good, two legs bad"); compression of thought and narrative that amounts to absurdity; etc., etc.

What I presented, in short, was not parody or burlesque, strictly speaking, but *typical* style and substance of many such textbooks. Had we but world enough and time, it would be easy enough to fill a whole number of NATIONAL REVIEW with literal quotations of this sort culled from particular recent textbooks. It is very difficult, for that matter, to parody such writing: it lies below the level of parody.

Imagine the rage of Mr. Gideonse when he discovered (if ever he has) that Don Quixote never lived and breathed, but was invented out of whole cloth by Cervantes; or when he learned that the pilgrim Christian was a fiction of Bunyan's fancy. What liars, Cervantes and Bunyan! They'd never get tenure teaching education and home economics. □

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Earth, Oh Earth!

ARNOLD BEICHMAN

The Testament
By Elie Wiesel
Summit, 346 pp., $13.95

In the history of Stalinist tyranny, we know of two organized purges—the "Great Terror," between 1936 and 1938, and a second, between 1948 and 1953. About the first, directed against the Soviet population and the Party leadership, we know a great deal, thanks to Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn and Robert Conquest, scholar-curator at the Hoover Institution.

About the second, we know comparatively little, although it is now agreed that this purge marked the beginning of Stalin's antisemitic campaign. The numbers of people killed at Stalin's order in the 1948-53 purge were not remotely comparable to the millions who died in the first. What research has been done shows that 238 writers, 106 actors, 19 musicians, and 87 painters and sculptors were killed. All were Jews.

On August 12, 1952, a dozen or so leading Soviet Jewish intellectuals were executed, among them Itzik Feffer, a Yiddish poet and a Red Army colonel; David Bergelson, a great Yiddish novelist; Peretz Markish, a Yiddish poet. Solomon Mikhoels, a People's Artist of the Soviet Union, honored as a great actor, had been killed earlier, on January 13, 1948, ostensibly by a hit-and-run truck which was never located.

These executions were to have been followed by another slaughter, because on January 3, 1953 *Pravda* published a story about an alleged murder plot by nine doctors attached to the Kremlin clinic. Of the nine doctors, six were Jewish. Fortunately, Stalin died on March 5, 1953, and the "doctors' plot" died with him.

Not, however, Soviet antisemitism, which continues to this day, perhaps even more virulently than in Stalin's time or even the days of the Czar. For as Leonard Schapiro has written: "It would not be far wrong to regard Russia as the classical home of antisemitism."

Elie Wiesel's novel deals with a Jewish intellectual, Paltiel Gershonovich Kossover, a poet who begins life before World War I as a young Orthodox Jew in a small Rumanian town and ends in a Soviet "isolator" with a bullet in his neck. He leaves behind him a confession, his *apologia pro vita sua*, written ostensibly to satisfy his prosecutor, who hopes to trick Kossover into naming names. The confession is pocketed by a fly on the wall, the stenographer, who takes it away with him after Kossover's execution and later presents it to Kossover's son, who, by a strange accident, has lost his power of speech.

Wiesel's novel is in a sense a fulfillment of what are said to have been Bergelson's last words, taken from Psalms: "Earth, oh Earth, do not hide my blood." (In the original French, excellently translated by Marion Wiesel, the title of the novel was *Le testament d'un poète juif assassiné*. I cannot understand why the title was altered.)

Kossover is, of course, a composite of the many Jewish intellectuals killed by Stalin. (His first name, Paltiel, appears only once in the Old Testament, as that of a prince "of the tribe of Issachar." In Hebrew, the name means "God's deliverance.") In late adolescence, Kossover forsakes his religious faith and becomes a Communist convert. To avoid military service in Rumania, he flees at the age of 18 to Berlin where he joins a Communist group. With Hitler's seizure of power, he runs off to Paris and becomes a Communist partisan. With Franco's triumph, he escapes to Russia in time to join the Red Army in World War II. He becomes a poet, a member of a Jewish intellectuals' club in Moscow, marries. Then comes Kossover's arrest as an "enemy of the people." Another victim of the god that failed.

This is the first of Wiesel's novels (it

Arnold Beichman *is the author of* Nine Lies about America *and many articles and reviews. . . .* **Robert Bradley** *is a freelance writer living in New Jersey. . . .* **David Evanier**, *a novelist and short-story writer, is also fiction editor of the* Paris Review. *. . .* **Thomas Mallon** *is professor of English at Vassar College. . . .* **Mitchell S. Ross** *is the author of* The Literary Politicians *and* Invitation to Our Times.

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is his 18th book) to deal with Soviet Communism, though in 1966 he wrote *The Jews of Siberia*, a nonfictional work about the cruel lot of Jews under the Soviet dictatorship. *The Testament* may be regarded as a transition for Wiesel, who, until now, has primarily written about Hitler's holocaust. Understandably. At the age of 15, he saw his own family perish in Buchenwald, and he survived Auschwitz. He has sought, thus far in vain, to give meaning, some God-given meaning, to this horrifying catastrophe.

Wiesel is a gifted storyteller, and this novel shows him at the height of his narrative skill. His style is infused as well with a sense of mysticism and strangeness, so one reads *The Testament* without pause, knowing the foreordained end, but not how it will come about.

Always present is Wiesel's debate with God—the God who watches over Israel yet allows the Stalins, Hitlers, and Brezhnevs to commit their desecrations against mankind. "Wherefore doth the way of the wicked prosper?" asks Wiesel, as did Jeremiah before him.

The Testament is not a political novel in the sense that Koestler's *Darkness at Noon* is political. Kossover is no Bukharin-Rubashov arguing with the purgers about the meaning of Marx and Lenin. Kossover, the young Talmudic student, had spurned secular revolutionism because, as he says, "I prefer to wait for the Messiah." His friend, Ephraim, also a Talmudic student but already a Communist, replies: "Well, I feel sorry for you, you've got a long wait ahead of you." Ephraim says he is willing to wait a year, a century—"but the less fortunate can't wait." Eventually, Kossover succumbs to "messianic Communism," cheered on by Ephraim, who says: "We must start the Revolution because that is God's command; God wants us to be Communists!"

So in the hope of a better world in birth, Kossover surrenders his sense of sin for the redemptionism of Marx, Lenin, and Stalin. He watches as his fellow Communists, in thrall to Stalin's "social fascism" dogma, fight Socialists in Germany, not the advancing Nazi legions. And he says nothing. He watches his friend and sponsor, a Communist agent in Paris, a Willy Muenzenberg clone, recalled to his execution in Moscow. And he says nothing. Within him there remains the memory of what he once was and what he once believed.

At the end of the book, as he waits for "my own personal bullet," he mourns that "I wasted too many years seeking something that could never be part of me." It is as Ovid wrote: *Video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor*—"I see and approve better things, but follow worse."

For Wiesel, the Kossover question marks the beginning of a new chapter in his work as a pre-eminent novelist and thinker. Here he is no longer dealing with the innocent, tortured and gassed by Hitler's camp commandants, but with the not-so-innocent, who knew and were silent and even lied, and who now confess a guilt they once so arrogantly denied. The full dimensions of Wiesel's theme are yet unclear. We can only await the next chapter for an answer to the Kossover question. □

Badenheim 1939
By Aharon Appelfeld, translated by Dalya Bilu
Godine, 148 pp., $10

A SUMMER RESORT

DAVID EVANIER

It is clear by now that, despite all the disclaimers about the possibility of creating literature about the holocaust, it can be done. There is, however, one prerequisite: the author must have experienced the events himself. Authors seeking to juice up their imaginations by borrowing the holocaust from the witnesses, as in Leslie Epstein's effort at making a comedy out of the holocaust in *King of the Jews* and William Styron's sorry novel, *Sophie's Choice*, fall on their faces.

Mr. Appelfeld's novel is a small jewel. He has had the experience, the time, the wisdom, and the talent to find the right perspective—and form—for his material. Appelfeld's own story is made up of what have become by now standard horrors to us. His mother was killed by the Nazis, and Appelfeld was deported to a concentration camp at the age of eight. He escaped and wandered in the forests for three years and made his way to Israel. He currently teaches Hebrew literature at Ben-Gurion University.

How to snare such experience and make it new? This is the question the novelist confronts with every book, and Appelfeld has found the answer within the framework of literature—not didacticism or literal memoir.

Appelfeld achieves his effect by economy and understatement—by painting a canvas on a small, human scale. None of the events in his tightly packed novel takes place in the camps. Here we are given the events leading up to the camps. They conclude with the arrival of "four filthy freight cars" at a railroad station where the novel's characters are awaiting their destiny. We know the rest, and our imaginations supply the denouement. Our sensibilities are not bludgeoned, numbing our response. On the contrary, we are made to see on our own—perhaps in a uniquely direct way—events that transpired in gruesome detail less than forty years ago. We see, in the metaphor of Badenheim, how they began, and how they ended. Through its presentation of ordinary, trivial, human detail, the book is a wedge into understanding the fact of the holocaust.

BADENHEIM is a vacation town in the orbit of Vienna, beginning its 1939 vacation season. The Jewish vacationers assemble for the annual idyll: the impresario and his musicians; a scholar who spends his entire time reading proofs, neglecting his youthful bride; the two town prostitutes, Sallie and Gertie; a "socially conscious" traveling salesman; a child prodigy; a schoolgirl and Dr. Shutz, her feverish pursuer. Touches of Fellini and Thomas Mann. Comic and surrealistic effects: a ghostly pair of twins who wow their audiences by reciting on stage Rilke's death sonnets.

"Bland inspectors" from the Sanitation Department arrive in the town and ask questions. They spread around Badenheim, taking measurements, putting up fences and flags: "Porters unloaded rolls of barbed wire, cement pillars . . ."

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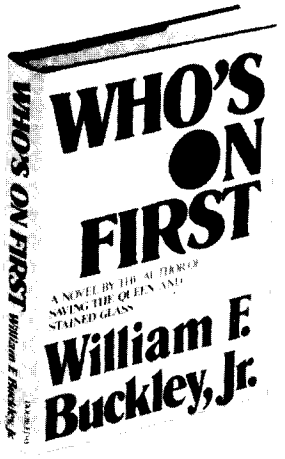

NOW
Get Bill Buckley's new Spy-Thriller FREE

Yep, we're talking about the original hardcover edition of *Who's on First*, Buckley's latest Blackford Oakes (who's better than James Bond) spy novel — you'll find it in bookstores selling for $9.95. If you have never read one of WFB's novels, here's your chance to get a free copy; of course if you're already a Blacky Oakes fan, you won't want to miss this opportunity to get the latest one.

We don't want to give away the plot, but it's about the race with the Soviets to be first in space — and Buckley makes it a nail-biter, even though you already "know" the historic outcome (this *tour de force* seems to be what impressed many critics: it *is* a neat trick, because it makes you, the reader, impatient as all get-out to *see* how Buckley can pull it off). By the way, as a kind of bonus, Buckley also performs some fascinating stunts with dialogue between such characters as Allen Dulles and Dean Acheson — you begin to wonder if maybe he wasn't there with a tape recorder? It's great stuff, you'll love it.

All you need to do to get this $9.95 book *free* and postpaid (another big saving) is to enter a subscription (or renew your current one, no matter when it is due to expire) for one year at the regular $24 rate. Just fill in the handy coupon and return it to us today. We'll send off your free copy of *Who's on First* without delay. Do it right now, before you miss out on it?

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They work day and night, "with a tapping of hammers and a glare of projectors."

Then: "In the middle of May a modest announcement appeared on the notice board that all citizens who were Jews had to register with the Sanitation Department no later than the end of the month."

But the air is intoxicating, romances flourish, hammocks go up in the gardens and nets in the tennis courts. White cherries are served in the dining room and the pastry shop does a booming business: "The lilac bushes climbed the verandah railings and the bees greedily devoured the blue flowers."

Consciousness of what the "sanitation inspectors" have in mind comes slowly. In 1939 most of the world could not have imagined what the Nazis had up their sleeves—it is almost incomprehensible *now*, long after the fact. So the town's life goes on, commonplace everyday life, slipping unknowingly toward disaster.

Events proceed slowly but inexorably. The Sanitation Department puts up its Orwellian signs: LABOR IS OUR LIFE . . . THE AIR IN POLAND IS FRESHER. Barriers are set up at the gates of the town. The post office is closed down: "Life was now confined to the hotel, the pastry shop, and the swimming pool." Then the swimming pool is drained.

THE BOOK describes a slow, tortuous, languid process of gradual constriction and isolation as the people are squeezed into a ghetto. They learn they are all to be deported to Poland. They react with denial, resignation, humor, or madness. Locked into normal realms of thought, they are unable to imagine what is happening to them. But on a deeper level they do: they raid the pharmacy for poison and narcotics.

The pastry shop and bar are closed. Food supplies are cut off. Bread lines are formed. "The kitchen was dark, the tea tables were deserted, and the two chandeliers hung askew, like the morning after a wild party."

Yet Badenheim's inhabitants cling to the delusion of normality up to the last minute. At the railroad station, where they are all assembled for deportation, the impresario Dr. Pappenheim optimistically exclaims at the sight of the freight cars: "If the coaches are so dirty it must mean that we have not far to go." The novel ends here. We know where the trains went. □

Earthly Powers
By Anthony Burgess
Simon & Schuster, 607 pp., $13.95

GAY GARP

MITCHELL S. ROSS

The dustjacket informs us that Anthony Burgess's first wife died in 1968, "and in that year he married again—Liana Macellari, daughter of the Contessa Lucrezia Pasi Piano della Pergola. With their son they have lived in Malta, Bracciano, Rome, and Siena, and at present are established in Monaco." Now he comes forward with his chief work from this period, a novel called *Earthly Powers*. The thing turns out to be a sort of gay *Garp*, which suggests many interesting lines of analysis, none of which I shall pursue.

Like John Irving's celebrated monstrosity, *Earthly Powers* features a novelist as its central figure. The years and people of his life are the material with which the fabric of the book is woven. *Earthly Powers* also has in common with *Garp* its enormous girth. Innumerable characters, many of them very odd, make an appearance. The narrator-protagonist is a chap named Kenneth Toomey, an Irish-born novelist luckier in wealth and fame than in love. As the book opens, the octogenarian Toomey suffers the companionship of a repellent, overripe catamite named Geoffrey. Over the course of six hundred pages we learn of other lovers, many better than Geoffrey, but none worth writing *Blueboy* about.

It is significant that the deepest love of Toomey's life fails to achieve sexual expression. "Alone in the Straits Settlement of Malacca . . . I saw clearly how much I needed Philip, and I marveled at the mystery of a particular nonphysical love apparently driving out generalized physical desire. The thought of embracing Philip—an abomination."

We confront here a major aesthetic problem in a book that is not without merit: the tale is built upon a bias against the nature of its principal character, and at the same time is neither satirical nor censorious in intent. As a result the book's point of view is incoherent. An odd aspect of this is that Burgess is not interested in rendering an unkind verdict on homosexuality per se. He portrays Toomey's sister in a blissful lesbian relationship, and the overall spirit of the writing is not uncharitable. But in a fundamental way, it is unsympathetic, and from an artistic standpoint this is unfortunate.

THE homage to Sappho is not, by the way, very convincing. It reminded me of the last volume of Proust, in which several characters pop out of the closet with no more apparent reason than would accompany, say, Richard Nixon's sudden appearance as a *Playgirl* centerfold. The sister, whose name is Hortense, discovers her lust for ladies at some point during her marriage to one Domenico Campanati, whose brother, Carlo, is destined to become Pope.

The (chaste) friendship which flowers between Kenneth Toomey and Carlo Campanati is advertised as one of the most important themes of *Earthly Powers*, and, indeed, the two men engage in numerous high-toned, earnest conversations. I do not doubt that Burgess himself felt that these provided his novel with philosophical depth. And yet the significance of this friendship is lost in the vastness of the narrative. The conversations lack dramatic impact. They read as uncomfortably as would a Platonic dialogue jammed into the middle of the *Iliad*. If Burgess wanted to emphasize the friendship between a novelist-sinner and a candidate for sainthood, he should have written a book one-third the length of *Earthly Powers*.

Why, then, for all its flaws, is this novel worth reading? Because of the high quality of the writing, primarily. Burgess puts the English language to

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work. In a day when the neurasthenic novels of Joan Didion and Elizabeth Hardwick win praise for their stylistic distinction, this is an uncommon and admirable thing. Burgess is also a man of evident wit and learning. This comes through even when the overall plan and execution of the book fail, as happened here. To be sure, he sometimes seems merely to be showing off; but the alternatives these days are either too blatant or too boring to contemplate, and so who will argue against honest virtuosity? □

The Strange Destiny of Rupert Brooke
By John Lehmann
Holt, 178 pp., $12.95

THINK NOT JUST THIS OF HIM

THOMAS MALLON

The Bloomsbury biographical mine may by now be so exhausted that we are in for a final boxcar of books on the circle's also-rans and dropouts. Early on in this new life of Rupert Brooke, John Lehmann (whose own second-generation Bloomsbury credentials are sterling) reminds us that on one "warm, moonlit night" in the summer of 1911 his subject coaxed Miss Virginia Stephen (soon to be Mrs. Virginia Woolf) to plunge naked with him into "Byron's pool" near Grantchester. One of the principal aims of Lehmann's book, in fact, is to come up with the reasons why the young man who would write the famous World War I sonnets angrily defected from early Bloomsbury and joined the more swanky, if less intellectually demanding, company of Violet Asquith, Edward Marsh, and Winston Churchill. Brooke ultimately would jettison the agnosticism of his Bloomsbury friends, "their contempt for conventional moral standards, their revolutionary open-mindedness in all intellectual and social matters, their overriding interest in avant-garde innovations in the arts. The Stracheys and the Stephens, one might say, lost the fight against his late-Victorian upbringing and the ethics of the public school . . ."

If Lehmann's prior loyalties bias him from the start against Brooke's decision, it must still be pointed out that he explores Brooke's angry—indeed, hysterical—transformation more thoroughly and candidly than most writers have done up until now. He makes use of some newly available letters, documenting how Brooke misconstrued some unconscious meddling by Lytton Strachey as romantic treachery during a disastrous weekend that led to the break—one that Brooke's more establishmentarian temper would probably have brought about in any case. Otherwise the story Lehmann tells is almost as familiar to readers of English poetry as Keats's brief transit from Finsbury Pavement to the Piazza di Spagna: we are reminded of Brooke's good looks, upbringing at Rugby, success at Cambridge, conscientious Fabian Socialism, botched love affairs, respite in Tahiti, and, finally, death from blood poisoning on the eve of the Gallipoli landing with the Royal Naval Division. A mosquito was probably what cut him down before the guns of the Turks and Germans almost certainly would have.

He provided the only bit of Dunkirkian compensation for the fiasco that nearly destroyed Churchill's career, after taking a terrible toll of English lives. Brooke's "If I should die, think only this of me" had been read by the Dean of St. Paul's on Easter Sunday 1915; now came "an orgy of public lamentation" fueled in part by Churchill's obituary in the *Times*. The public had a handsome hero; Brooke's poems sold tens of thousands of copies. But by 1916, with the Battle of the Somme, the ghastly and inconclusive nature of the war became apparent, the poems of Owen and Sassoon were written, and Brooke's heroic verses doomed him to sixty years of critical indifference and contempt.

LEHMANN does very good work with the poetry. One can see in this book the qualities which have made him such a good editor for so many years. He gives quick and sensible assessments of Brooke's verses, and pays useful attention to the ruggedness and wit of the prewar love poems. Brooke fought well against Nineties languor and Edwardian exhaustion, and if it is unlikely that he could have kept up with the modernist tides soon to roll, his contribution to the reinvigoration of twentieth century English poetry should not be overlooked. Lehmann comes through here.

But when it comes to the life, rather than the work, his book suffers from the cheap *chic* of some of the more needless Bloomsbury histories. Even when his

RANDOM NOTES

■ MORE JUNE TITLES: James Fallows's *National Defense* (Random House, $12.95) has been receiving, for good or ill, a great deal of attention. Fallows, a former speechwriter for Jimmy Carter, argues that the U.S. cannot afford a greatly increased defense budget and that more expensive and sophisticated weaponry is merely more trouble-prone gadgetry.

Red Star in Orbit (Random House, $12.95), by James E. Oberg, is an account of the Russian space program in triumph and disaster. According to Oberg, the Soviets most likely have a jump on the U.S. space station program. Oberg is a computer analyst who has worked on the space shuttle. His book carries a foreword by Tom Wolfe.

Lost in America (Doubleday, $17.95), by Isaac Bashevis Singer, is a further installment of "an autobiography I never intend to write"; it deals with the author's last year in Poland, darkened by the looming Nazis, and his first years in America. The book is translated by Joseph Singer and illustrated by Raphael Soyer. . . . Donald Mitchell's *Britten and Auden in the Thirties: The Year 1936* (Washington, $15) examines the artistic relationship between the composer and the poet, which culminated in Britten's setting Auden's poetry to music.

In *Free Enterprise without Poverty* (Norton, $12.95), Leonard Greene argues that welfare as it is administered today greatly reduces the work incentive. He calls for a "Graduated Income Supplement," a plan devised by the Institute for Socioeconomic Studies he founded, to take its place. . . . Jack Bass's *Unlikely Heroes: The Southern Judges Who Made the Civil Rights Revolution* (Simon & Schuster, $14.95) is an account of the crucial implementation of the civil rights legislation of the Fifties and Sixties by four Fifth Circuit judges.

■ JULY PREVIEW: Thomas Sowell's new book is *Ethnic America: A History* (Basic Books, $15). —CW

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biographical judgments are sound, his prose can be pretty awful. Brooke's looks are dwelt upon in such a way that he seems to be ogled rather than regarded; romantic situations are "explosive"; affairs involve "fire," "ashes," and "embers"; Rupert is "shattered" on page 16 just as he was "shattered" on page 13. When the prose does cool off, the reader is sometimes in for periphrasis masquerading as exactitude: "not by any means altogether unfavorable."

Brooke's combination of intellectual gifts and childish behavior does make for a tricky biographical task. Lehmann is correct that there was a "lurking Puritan in his make-up" that took some alarming turns: a preoccupation with "cleanness" in some of the poems, an insistence that he was "evil" and "horrible" without any indication he was anything of the kind. Also noticeable in the love letters is a sort of moronic condescension (to Katherine Cox: "You see, you do seem *worth* so much"). But even if his rejection of Bloomsbury was to a great extent shrill and irrational, it was not wholly idiosyncratic, and Lehmann would have done well to compare it to other indictments of the circle and its ethos by writers like D. H. Lawrence and Wyndham Lewis. He is true to the promise in his Preface not to write further hagiography or do further debunking, but the approach could be more allusive to other strains of literary and social history. Sixty-six years after Brooke's death, no one has approached the easel to give the picture the subtler shadings or fill in much of the background. □

Lord Acton, Historian of Liberty
By Robert Schuettinger
Open Court, 251 pp., $12.50

THE CONTEMPORARY ACTON

ROBERT BRADLEY

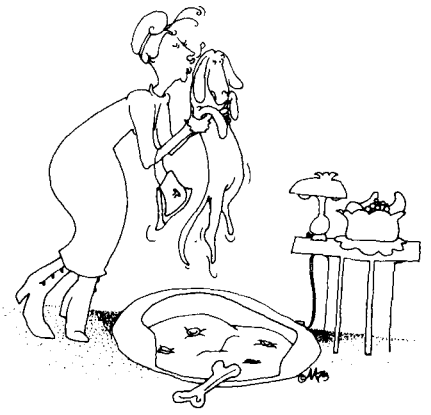
John Edward Emrich Dalberg Acton, eighth Baronet Acton, first Baron Acton, is remembered today chiefly, if not solely, for the one-liner on the relationship between absolute power and absolute corruption. Standard reference sources are, surprisingly enough, of little value insofar as the British historian is concerned. (The adverb in the sentence preceding becomes necessary when one discovers that there is no entry on Acton in the *Dictionary of National Biography*.) Nor has there really been a definitive biography of this Victorian intellectual giant, aside from a 1952 study by Gertrude Himmelfarb. *Lord Acton, Historian of Liberty* goes far to remedy this situation.

ACTON was catholic in every sense of the word, protean in his learning and magisterial in his style. Schuettinger, a visiting lecturer in political science at Yale, has used new work along with original manuscripts to produce a manageable and uncommonly readable biography of a man who had an Italian birthplace, an English father, a French-German-Italian mother, a supranational religion, and scores of relatives in high places throughout Europe.

One might begin by defining Acton in a negative way, noting what he was not and what he did not do. Despite his vast erudition, he had no earned degrees, not even a BA. He never published a book, and only a few essays had appeared under his name prior to his appointment as Regius Professor of History at Cambridge in 1895 at age 58. His youthful sojourn at the University of Edinburgh and, later, at Munich was not marked by any obvious pattern of study or any desire for scholarship as end in itself. Rather, "his scholarship was to him as practical as his politics, and his politics as ethical as his faith."

Acton was no Thomas More. He could reconcile his idea of the supremacy of conscience with a submission to authority, as he did when the First Vatican Council set forth the doctrine of papal infallibility in 1870, because he was convinced that the government of the church would in time change—as, of course, it did. One is tempted to think that he was a Galileo rather than a More.

A foolish consistency was no hobgoblin of Acton's large mind. To the young parliamentarian of 1859, what was most admirable about Edmund Burke was his distrust of principles in politics and his desire to proceed by a slow and gradual weighing of interests. Conversely, Acton was later to become more devoted to moral principles without regard to practical consequences. To put it in a slightly different way, as the elder Burke, the unyielding opponent of ideology and abstraction, the



Burke of the *Reflections*, appealed to the young Acton, so did the younger Burke, the idealistic Whig and the upholder of principle, the Burke of *Thoughts on the Cause of the Present Discontents*, appeal to the mature Acton.

Negatives offer only the beginning of a definition of Acton. Affirmations fill out the definition magnificently. And affirmations abound in Acton's writing. The state has a divine origin. While church and state are not fully separable, neither should they be united. The truly Christian state was the truly liberal state. England was the most truly Catholic state in Europe despite the break with Rome because in England could be found a free church in a free state. Above all, liberty was to Acton "the assurance that every man shall be protected in doing what he believes his duty against the influence of authority and majorities, custom and opinion."

It is interesting that Acton's list of one hundred best books includes Madison's *Debates of the Congress of Confederation*, *The Federalist Papers*, and Calhoun's *Essay on Government*. One reflects regretfully that a full explication of these three works by Acton would have given us a far more substantial display of his thoughts on the American experiment than the glib comments of the 16-year-old who came here for a short visit in 1853.

Acton began a major synthesis of history late in life—too late for him, as it proved. In the 12-volume *Cambridge Modern History* he appears not as a writer but as an editor, and then for only the first two volumes. The plan of the great effort, begun when Acton was in his sixties, reflects three of his chief goals: a universal history, a history of ideas, and an impartial and objective history. To Acton, impartiality in no way contradicted moral judgment. For him, moral judgments *were* objective

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because they were derived from "an objective, moral law common to all men, nations, and times."

The comprehensiveness of the *Cambridge Modern History* notwithstanding, Acton was a suggestive historian. His suggestiveness and pregnancy of thought can be seen in the beginning of his essay "The History of Freedom in Antiquity":

> Liberty, next to religion, has been the motive of good deeds and the common pretext of crime. . . . At all times, sincere friends of freedom have been rare, and its triumphs have been due to minorities that have prevailed by associating themselves with auxiliaries whose objects often differed from their own; and this association . . . has been sometimes disastrous, by giving to opponents just grounds of opposition, and by kindling dispute over the spoils in the hour of success.

Acton once remarked, "I never had any contemporaries." In a career of writing, teaching, social and intellectual intercourse, and Liberal parliamentary politics, he was concerned with the proper pursuits of government, the relation of politics and morality, the checks that must be put on the exercise of power, and the best protection of the individual's conscience. These were all matters that were to become much more urgent after Acton's death than they had ever been before, as Western society lurched on into the dark noon of the twentieth century. Schuettinger's book does much to make Acton one of our contemporaries. □

Stranger at Home: "The Holocaust," Zionism, and American Judaism
By Jacob Neusner
Chicago, 273 pp., $15

ETHNICITY OR FAITH

JOSEPH SOBRAN

Anyone who invokes the First Amendment doesn't understand it. That's about the handiest way to sum up our current confusion over the roles of religion, "values," freedom, and the state.

Political confusion over the role of religion abounds, but religious people themselves are confused. For many of them, the priority of politics is unquestioned—in that they accept it as their

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duty to subordinate religion, to keep it out of their politics. A distinguished conservative, Walter Berns, has even argued that the "subordination of religion" is part of our constitutional arrangement.

My own view is that the First Amendment is intended—dare I say *clearly* intended?—to *liberate* religion: to allow all religions to flourish by giving official preference to none. Far from requiring us to keep faith out of politics, it precisely allows us to persuade each other by appealing, in our public discussions, to whatever reasons we deem compelling—and if a "religious" reason for, say, banning abortion seems to us decisive, that is fine with the Framers. It didn't strike them as grotesque, after all, to argue from the original rights bestowed by our Creator.

CHRISTIANS who sense that we have been misled about our constitutional tradition can hardly fail to notice that many of the putative misleaders have been Jews. It is understandable that a religious minority should be anxious about religious influences in our public life; understandable, too, that some in that minority should try strenuously to redefine pluralism to mean a kind of secularism in which politics is insulated from such influences.

But before we Christians ascribe too much of the damage of false secularism to the Jews, we should bear in mind what is too little noticed: that Jews themselves have been the chief casualties of secularism. Many Jews have assumed that citizenship in the modern world means subordinating and finally abandoning faith; and supposing this to be the constitutional ethos, they in turn have felt betrayed and threatened by Christians who don't accept the terms of the deal. To them the Moral Majority and the anti-abortion movement can only look like a reneging on that deal, their ancient enemy picking up arms they had discarded.

This, I think, is a fair summary of the deep psychic and cultural background behind the bitter debates of the moment. It explains why Jews speak of as "frightening" certain recent political phenomena which Christians are apt to see not only as innocent but as long overdue.

With all this in mind, I recommend to Christians a book principally addressed to American Jews: Jacob Neusner's *Stranger at Home: "The Holocaust," Zionism, and American Judaism*. It aims to destroy precisely the religious misunderstanding that underlies the political confusion.

Since World War II, American Jewry has increasingly defined itself in purely secular terms. Auschwitz has displaced Sinai as the defining event for Jews, and Zionism has usurped the role of Judaic faith and practice. Jewish life has been centered on the State of Israel.

"Which, then: ethnic group or religious community?" Neusner answers that too many Jews have chosen mere ethnicity. He finds the result balefully distortive: "I wonder whether Jewish history can provide an example of a Jewish community more ethnocentric, and less religiously concerned, than our own." True, he says, Jews have always felt separated from other men; but they have not stressed that separation for its own sake. "Never before has the purpose, for example, of taking a Jewish mate been so ignored, or the fact of doing so been made so crucial."

Consequently, Jews wonder why they shouldn't all live in Israel, and many of them have no answer. Israeli Jews look with resentment on American Jews. American Jews feel guilty.

Neusner has no wish to minimize the slaughter of Europe's Jews or to deny the legitimacy of Israel. He himself is a convinced Zionist. But he holds that the substance of Judaism is diminished if recent secular realities, however important, are made central to the Jewish experience.

But if not central, they can't be dispensed with. Neusner insists on the *necessity* of Israel for Jews in the modern predicament—*provided* that Israel isn't reduced to purely worldly terms. For the whole point of Judaism is not that it enables people to be "Jewish," but that it enables them to be wholly human: it unites them with their Creator. To dispense with transcendence is not to compromise but to capitulate.

Neusner's argument is complex, though unfailingly lucid. Jews must walk a tightrope between a specious universalism—as in assimilation through liberal or socialist politics—and a false ethnic particularism. So far even Zionism hasn't resolved the problem, though he sees it as necessary to a resolution. "In so far as Jews are human, they require Judaism." And "among Jews one is a human being, with peculiarities and virtues of one's own. Among Gentiles he is a Jew, with traits common to the group he rejects. That is probably why Jews still live in mostly Jewish neighborhoods and associate, outside of economic life, mostly with other Jews. . . . The State of Israel is the largest Jewish neighborhood in the world."

Other faiths have had their own recent troubles defining themselves. And some of the perplexed want to reduce the issue to ethnic terms—notably Andrew Greeley, who has introduced the notion of the "communal Catholic," the Catholic who skips Mass, ignores the bishops, does his own thing, yet in Andrew Greeley's eyes somehow remains a "valid" member of the Church.

When we find ourselves talking like that, we have lost our grip on rationality as well as transcendence. It is as if a bridge club, divided over its by-laws, should fall back convivially on the indubitable fact that all the members were native-born Americans. The fact might be comforting, but it would hardly resolve questions of organization and purpose.

In showing that ethnicity is not enough, even for Jews, Neusner also reminds readers of other, more creed-centered faiths what it is to *reason* about faith. He also illuminates the secular predicaments of all religions in the modern world. When he is most intensely Jewish he speaks most eloquently to universal concerns. If everyone read this little book, we would cease hearing the cry that we are "imposing our views" every time we attempt to make our politics godly. □

FILM

DISUNITED STATES

JOHN SIMON

Jonathan Demme is probably the most gifted young filmmaker to come out of Roger Corman's stable; his very first "serious" feature, *Citizen's Band*, was a lovely, hilarious, semi-satirical folk comedy, needing only a better ending: neither of the two that Demme tried was quite satisfactory. This scintillating little fable promptly died at the box office, was given a new title, *Handle with Care*, and re-released only to die equally promptly, despite valiant efforts by individuals and institutions to keep it going. After this twice-born *succès d'estime* came *Last Embrace*, a stillborn

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disaster. Demme's third, *Melvin and Howard*, treated by Universal as a stepchild despite fine reviews and various awards, may have received a new lease on life thanks to Oscars for Bo Goldman's screenplay and Mary Steenburgen's supporting performance.

Melvin and Howard has what *Citizen's Band* had, but in simpler, sweeter, purer, and slightly less brilliant form. Without the absurdist, satirical overtones, it is a goofy comedy about lovably zany, gently outrageous people that rings true even at its most preposterous, and makes you care for characters whom it would be easy to condescend to and dismiss. It is the basically true story of Melvin Dummar, a near-ne'er-do-well, who once saved an injured bum from dying of exposure in the nocturnal Nevada desert. That bum claims to be (and is) Howard Hughes, a crotchety, surly fellow, whom Melvin, without believing him, humanizes as he drives him back to Vegas. He makes the old-timer sing, first, a silly song written by Melvin, whose tune cost our eccentric hero $70 shelled out to a mail-order composer ("And well worth it!" Melvin declares), and then "Bye, Bye, Blackbird," which Hughes dredges up from his childhood along with other tender memories.

The film's ostensible story concerns a historic trial: how a will of Hughes's turned up mysteriously, leaving $156 million to Dummar—a will that was contested and eventually thrown out of court. But the real story is about the lives of Melvin, his two wives, Lynda and Bonnie, and their children; about Melvin's friends and employers and lawyers; about the game shows on which Melvin hopes to get rich; about the white-elephant consumer goods he acquires on down payments, only to have them quickly repossessed; about marriage, family, divorce, sex, and other curious involvements in the westernmost reaches of these United and disunited States. It is about quick-marriage chapels, motels, strip joints; about work as a milkman or in a magnesium factory; about office Christmas parties; about preposterous giveaway shows on TV, and winning money easily and losing it no less easily.

Yet though these people are simple-minded, childishly impetuous, and even screwy, they do not lack for a crazy sort of imagination, an originality in shuffling and brandishing platitudes. They have comic-strip values and mess

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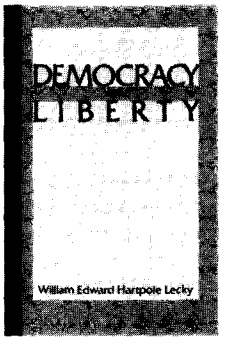

Democracy and Liberty

By William Edward Hartpole Lecky

This classic by the distinguished Irish historian was first published in 1896. In the words of its author, it analyzes "the ways in which democracy does not harmonize with liberty." Drawing upon the history of England, France and the United States, Lecky examines the effects of democracy upon individual liberty —a problem more difficult to solve today than it was in Lecky's day. "On the whole" he wrote, "American democracy appears to me to carry with it at least as much of warning as of encouragement." His discussion ranges from the theory and structure of government to specific problems of legislation and policy.
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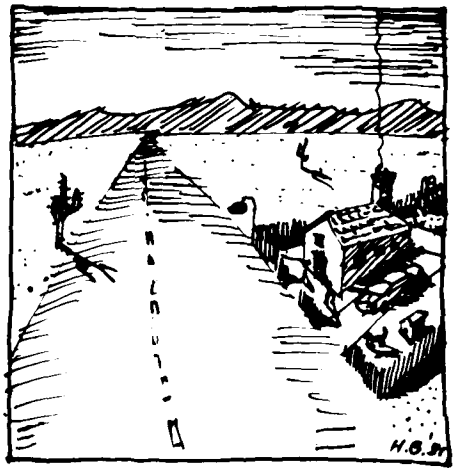
up large chunks of their lives, but they pursue their touchingly foolish dreams with a vivacity and dedication bordering on the heroic. Their energy is inspiring, their directness disarming, and their follies not all that different from those of sophisticated people. In the end, they are a strangely moving lot, whose very ludicrousness wrings your heart. You laugh and cry simultaneously, which makes rainbows in your eyes. The most terrible thing Lynda can say to Melvin, whom she has remarried but is leaving for a second time (now with two kids instead of one), is "You're a loser, Melvin," which he achingly, ardently denies. Fundamentally, all these characters are losers, but they do not admit it, and therein lies their glory: they are the gallantly walking, waltzing wounded, too dizzyingly busy to lie down in defeat.

Demme and Goldman see this lower-middle America plain, but they see it with affection. They observe its follies without minimizing them, but also without patronizing, sentimentalizing, or judging them. In a Reno strip joint, one of the girls dances naked but for a cast on her forearm; in a drive-in marriage chapel, an aged professional witness gets a minor heart attack from the effort—or joy?—of kissing the bride; Lynda, in curlers and just getting out of bed at her mother's place, consumes a quickie breakfast from orange juice to coffee while Melvin woos her over the long-distance phone into another go at marriage; Melvin and his daughter Darcy watch *Easy Street*, their favorite giveaway show, through fancy, dime-store sunglasses; a pretty married woman seduces her milkman (Melvin, now Milkman of the Year) in the most guileless, almost virginal, fashion; a counterman in a drugstore (played by the real-life Melvin Dummar) watches approvingly as Lynda uses the store's mustard, ketchup, salt, pepper, and whatnot to spruce up a homemade farewell sandwich for her daughter, whom she is sending back by Greyhound to her father.

The film teems with such spunkily observed visual details, but the spoken ones are just as pungently original. Leaving him for the second time, Lynda tries to explain to Melvin how absurd it was to acquire on down payment a huge Cadillac with a still bigger motorboat in tow (he sits in it on dry land, having switched from cowboy hat to captain's cap, and radios the Santa



Monica Coast Guard for a weather report), given how poor they are. Melvin protests: "Not poor. Broke maybe; not poor!" But she is leaving, adamant: "*C'est la vie*, Melvin." "What's that?" "French, Melvin. I used to dream of becoming a French interpreter." "You don't speak French!" "I *told* you it was a dream." Could any parting dialogue sound weirder, sadder, truer? And what of the fat, saucy marriage-parlor proprietress who, asked what kind of wedding music she can supply at $5 extra, announces, "I've got inspirational: 'Because'; Hawaiian: 'The War Chant' . . ." And when Melvin sheepishly observes that he had not counted on the decrepit witnesses' fee, the marriage vendor tartly replies, "Well, they've got to eat, too."

Equally juicy is Demme's handling of the camera. When Melvin rejoices in the prospect of his inheritance, he is a tiny figure in extreme long shot in the lower left corner of the frame as he dances before the Great Salt Lake, and we sense that he is up against something too big: the force that won't let small-time losers turn big-time winners. When Melvin and his second wife, the practical Bonnie who nevertheless was the one who proposed to the impractical Melvin, are in a heated conversation, how casually the camera picks up, between and slightly behind them, the television set on which a newscast shows highlights from the just-ended life of Howard Hughes. When Melvin takes the witness stand in the courtroom, how effectively, with one 360-degree pan, the camera captures all the different presences, swiftly epitomizing diverse personalities and attitudes.

The performances are all flawless, the very looks of the actors revealing more than reams of dialogue. As Lynda, Mary Steenburgen is both pretty and extremely ordinary, with a life-battered face full of virgin hope; wonderfully, she can become submerged up to her chin in whatever feelings assail her, or can hurl herself into ludicrous activities with a natural grace as good as the greatest dignity. As Bonnie, Pamela Reed combines ingenuous optimism with levelheadedness, her cunning child's face absolutely ageless. As Darcy, Elizabeth Cheshire is an earnest yet unprecocious youngster; her countenance, though gravely confronting adversity, has not given up on childhood. Paul Le Mat is an infectiously engaging Melvin, puffed up with hope and aglow with obsessions, yet capable of becoming discouraged with a wistfulness that is even more endearing. And how patiently logical he can seem while chasing the wildest of geese! As Hughes, Jason Robards is both canny and otherworldly, an emaciated anchorite with desert winds nestling in his mane and beard, but under whose crustiness and suspicions a little amusement and wonder are still shyly aglimmer.

The best, the most enchanting, thing about *Melvin and Howard* is that it merrily explains the mystery of Hughes in terms of the marginal chimeras of penny-ante eccentrics. In a world where everything is irrational, unpredictable, askew, each person finds the bizarreness that fits him. And yet, the bizarre, the absurd, can be humanized: by singing in the night, like Melvin and Howard, or by loving each other, like Melvin and Lynda, after each is married to another. □

DELECTATIONS

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NIKA HAZELTON

I write in praise of *foie gras* and Alsatian wines. I know, I know. They are expensive pleasures. But they are not extravagantly expensive pleasures considering the extravagant pleasure they give. (Brillat-Savarin was moved to say of *foie gras* that it inspires "the fire of desire, the ecstasy of happiness, and the serenity of beatitude.") Beluga caviar,

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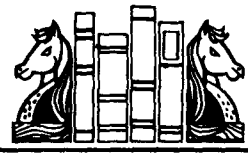
Dark Horses



CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

WITH President Reagan's rescission of Jimmy Carter's embargo on U.S. grain shipment to the Soviet Union, a major substantive penalty levied on the Kremlin in retaliation for the Russian invasion of Afghanistan was removed. By the time Reagan lifted the embargo—in one of his successful trade-offs with congressmen whose votes he needed to win his proposed austerity budget—the international "incident" that provoked it had been nearly forgotten. That, at any rate, would be the opinion of Nancy Peabody Newell and Richard S. Newell, authors of a superior book, *The Struggle for Afghanistan* (Cornell, $14.95), which seeks to put the Soviet invasion into historical and political perspective.

Nancy and Richard Newell sketch the history of the country over millennia. Afghanistan, they remind us, has historically been a crossroads of Asian and European trade and political intrigue. Afghanistan's rulers have maintained their precarious neutrality and independence by cautiously and often expertly balancing one foreign power against another. In the late nineteenth century this meant playing a careful game with Britain on the one hand and imperial Russia on the other; after World War II, it meant attempting to prevent Soviet influence from overwhelming all other.

Afghanistan remained dependent on Western capital and technology to further its transition to modernity. Fearful of Soviet ambitions, it preferred to get much of what it required from the U.S.; but in the early Fifties, Washington turned down a request by Kabul for military aid for the reason that to grant it would be an unnecessary provocation to Moscow. Thereupon Prince Daud turned to the Russians, who promptly complied. Thenceforth, the Soviets have been assiduous and effective manipulators of Afghanistan.

The Newells demonstrate that not until this time was there a Marxist penetration of Afghanistan. Marxism was the spawn of the frustrations of a tiny elite of Western-educated Afghans who lived in the cities, cut off from traditional pastoral and nomadic ways of life, and had no outlet for their energies and ambitions. Two Marxist groups, Parcham and Khalq, vied for influence; the Soviets favored Parcham, even after Khalq, in a successful coup in April 1978, established Afghanistan's first Marxist regime. In December 1979, the government, thwarted in its attempt to force rigid and alien reforms on a hostile people, was overthrown by the USSR, which had Abdullah Amin assassinated and the Parcham man, Babrak Karmal, placed in charge of a hastily-formed government.

ALFRED L. MONKS recounts much of this background in greatly foreshortened form in *The Soviet Intervention in Afghanistan* (American Enterprise Institute, 1150 17th Street N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036; $4.25). His book, however, is a handbook to the crisis and, apart from having a few right-minded sentiments to offer about the need for the West to stand firm against an expansive Soviet Union, has little hard advice for policymakers. Here, as everywhere, the Newells are strong. Nobody, they say, expected the Afghan resistance to hold out as long as it has; without vast and onerous increases in troops and casualties and military budgets, Moscow cannot hope to make short work of them. How can the U.S. give them support without at the same time seeming to threaten neutral, suspicious, or friendly Middle Eastern powers? It was precisely the weakness of the American image in the region, the Newells argue, that made any effective response by Washington to the invasion difficult.

Their suggestions: a) the U.S. should quit making its relations with Israel the touchstone of its Middle Eastern strategy; b) Washington, operating under the umbrella of an association of sympathetic regional powers, should supply the Afghan freedom-fighters with the military aid they require to throw off the yoke of foreign oppression. □

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Iranian and Russian, costs $84 to $110 for four to five ounces, and $350 to $450 for 14 to 16 ounces. Smoked salmon, domestic and imported, costs, for the same quantities, respectively $4 to $8 and $18 to $30. *Foie gras* falls right in the middle. For the same again: four to five ounces for $17 to $30, and 14 to 16 ounces for $50 to $70. (Prices quoted as of March 24, 1981.)

Now, how much *foie gras* does a soul need? A 14-ounce tin of *bloc de foie gras* without truffles, at a cost of about $50, will serve 12 guests handsomely at $4 per serving. But you can treat them for far less. I was so treated recently at a reception at the charming town house of that most elegant of all caterers, Glorious Foods. The kitchen is an open one, where I observed the cooks—all young and handsome—producing the prettiest *hors d'oeuvres* by piping a little *foie gras* onto tiny pastry barquettes, very thin buttered toast, and scooped-out cherry tomatoes. There was not much *foie gras* on each single-bite goodie, but there was enough for a taste and for the look of elegance.

In my opinion, *foie gras* should be eaten as is, a little chilled (but never frozen), as an incomparable *hors d'oeuvre* or first course. French cuisine, medium to *haute*, uses it heavily as an ingredient: it is stuffed into chicken (Poularde à la Souvaroff, with champagne and Madeira), and into veal (Côte de Veau Royale, a thick veal chop stuffed with *foie gras* and a Madeira mushroom sauce). The famous Tournedos Rossini, invented by the composer, consists of very thick tournedos, truffles, Madeira, and butter, the whole resting on slices of French bread. (To me it is a demented dish. However, I admit that it is greatly admired.) If one must cook *foie gras*, a quick turn in butter would be my way; but I personally would not cook it.

In geographical proximity and friendship, Alsatian wine is the best to drink with *foie gras*. Very *haute cuisine* lovers drink Château Yquem with it, but I find that an icky combination. *Foie gras* comes from Strasbourg, the capital of Alsace, and the wine also comes from around Strasbourg.

I have only the sunniest memories from several trips to Alsace. Strasbourg is a noble city. The lovely figures that once stood on the cathedral's façade had finally to be housed in a museum to protect them from pollution, but the facsimiles that were substituted are hardly noted as such by most people.

Colmar boasts the picture I believe the most powerful ever painted: Matthias Grünewald's Isenheim Altarpiece, which depicts the agony of Our Lord. Once seen, it is never forgotten; I have made several trips just to view it again. The journey is easy, as Colmar and the rest of Alsace border Switzerland and Germany.

The Alsatian wine road leads along the Rhine past fairytale villages with fairytale names only partly Frenchified from their original German. The wonderful wines are made from Alsace's best known grapes—Sylvaner, Riesling, Gewurztraminer, the Pinot Gris, and Pinot Blanc—each variety planted on the terrain that suits the grape best, the sunny hillsides that descend from the green Vosges mountains. The vineyards and wine villages are possibly the most beautiful in the world and more than worth a few days' visit.

Alsace belonged to Germany between 1870 and 1914, and the Germans simply marketed her wines as German wines. In 1962 Alsace was granted the *appellation controlée*, which, in French wines, means everything. It is unique to Alsace that its wines are named for the grape from which they are produced, rather than for the village or vineyard from which they come; you know immediately the kind of wine you are buying and drinking. The quantity of red wine made there is insignificant, but the whites stand out for their flavor. Riesling, Sylvaner, and similar grapes are also used in German wines, but the Alsatian wines are less flowery, sturdier, and dry. They are marketed in *flutes*, tall green bottles like those used for German Moselles. By law and to guarantee their authenticity, they must be bottled in the region in which they are produced.

Alsatian wines are distinguished by their soundness and dependability, as well as by their still reasonable prices (from around $4 to $15). The wines are not too high in alcohol (10 to 13 per cent). The finest are the Rieslings, and the most distinctive, the spicy Gewurztraminer. The first is extremely dry and the second just a little less so. The Gewurztraminer fills the room with its perfume. It is constantly imitated all over the world, but even the best California Gewurztraminer (the grape is becoming very popular) comes nowhere near its Alsatian equivalent. Alsace produces a great deal of wine, as much as Bordeaux. Even the French have at last realized that here is a fine supply of the whites of which France is notably short, except for the big whites of the Burgundy region, now very expensive.

ABOVE ALL, Alsatian wines are superb food wines, not only for fish and chicken, but for pork, veal, and all meats that are not eaten rare. In Colmar, I once drank a Hugel Reserve Gewurztraminer (one of the greats) with young boar from the nearby Vosges, and it was wonderful.

In this country, Alsatian wines are known not only by their grape names, but by the names of their shippers. Names to remember are Hugel, Dopf-Irion and Dopf-au-Moulin, Trimbach, Clos St. Laudelin (I love their Riesling), Leon Béyer, Schlumberger, Willm, Boeckel, Eschbach. My favorites are the 1977 Riesling Cuvée Trimbach (house wine at New York's super Lutéce restaurant) at $9.99, and the simply overwhelming 1976 Gewurztraminer Réserve Personelle Hugel, a steal at $15.95.

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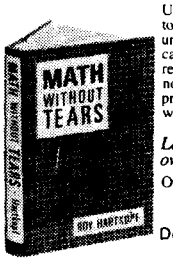
The century-old winemaking tradition of Alsace, the endless care and research, and the devotion of her winemakers have certainly paid off with some of the best food wines in America today. (I quoted you the most expensive ones.) Here I wish to remember the late Michel Dreyfuss, greatest and kindest of American wine merchants, who first introduced me to Alsace and Alsatian wines, and to others he imported as well. □

chronology. Wisdom, thoughts, everyday occurrences assume an impalpable, quasi-transparent shape, with the poet's mind gathering and waiting for a swerve in the Lucretian determinism of a mechanical world. The repeated image we are left with at the end of *It Depends* is that of a tiny flame burning in our dreams and in our insomnia, in nature and in mankind, underground and in the cosmos—envisioning Montale's own life after death as a kind of anonymous stardust.

NEREO E. CONDINI

MATH WITHOUT TEARS



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THE BLACK SHIPS: *Rumrunners of Prohibition, by Everett S. Allen (Little, Brown, 298 pp., $10.95).* Drawing upon an astonishing variety of sources, ranging from interviews to declassified government reports, Everett S. Allen tells the story of canny mariners during the years of prohibition. He describes Rum Row, where liquor-laden ships anchored and waited to sell their cargoes to smaller boats; those smaller boats running the contraband to shore; and the Coast Guard, whose job it was to stop all this deviltry. Noteworthy were the kinds of craft used—speedboats, fishing boats, schooners, steamers, and full-rigged sailing vessels—as well as the maneuvers used to get the stuff past the Law. Here is an exciting chapter of local history, well-told. It is easy to overwrite or glamorize the story of the "black ships," but the author maintains a surprising objectivity about the conflicting forces of Coast Guard and rumrunner. And with good reason: his neighbors and friends numbered among both camps. The Northeast waters are author Allen's own, and he has brought his expertise to book again; he is also the author of volumes on the 1938 hurricane and the New Bedford whaling fleet, among others.

JOE MYSAK

IT DEPENDS, *by Eugenio Montale (New Directions, 170 pp., $12.95).* Eugenio Montale belongs to that category of poets who "burn brighter towards their setting-day." His latest collection, *It Depends* (poems composed between 1973 and 1977), is an inventive and exploratory blend of prosaic truth, sardonic wit, and ironical comments. The matter-of-fact voice of *It Depends* moves away from a reality stripped bare of symbols and mythologies and expresses itself in a limbo of rarefied emotions. It speaks of the present and the past from a place that is neither a conceptual *beyond* nor an experimented *here*. Human presences and memories, animals and things in *It Depends* almost become a germinating wind of motes, of beings hovering in dark caves or in mid-air, ectoplasms of lives still pulsating, atoms of a universe suspended in a time devoid of

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Dear Lord: RSVP

On The Right

New York, May 15—Everyone feels compelled to comment on the event in Rome. Such comments are better done off, rather than on, the record. On the record, propriety prevails. Off the record, undomesticated sentiments are uttered. Where I work, sitting around the table eating sandwiches on press day minutes after we got the news, one of us blurted out, "Why don't they ever kill someone I don't like?" George Ade, the mordant Hoosier wag ("Early to bed, early to rise, and never meet any important people") was as saddened as his clubmates when one of their favorites died. He posted his wry regret on the bulletin board: "Why is it always the wrong man?"

If somebody had to shoot at anybody, why not at Pol Pot? Or at—but we are not off the record, and such licentious instincts must be governed. In conversations about assassinations we are only safe in speaking in the past tense. It is safe to say, for instance, "What a pity that British Intelligence didn't get Adolf Hitler between the cross hairs of an agent's telescopic sight. . . ." But if Hitler were alive today (and he is), the public expression of such a desire would raise eyebrows. Properly, because publicly to desire an assassination is probably worse even than a clinical execution.

And so we are left to wonder at the singular moral ineptitude of this would-be assassin. We are told quite explicitly what were his motives. A piece of paper he carried in his pocket announced that he intended to kill the Pope to express a protest against "genocide" everywhere "including El Salvador and Afghanistan." There is no way to parse the moral analysis in that statement, and there is no point in trying. Put it down as another madman, infected by the notion that random killing, especially of right-minded world leaders, generates anything in any way desirable.

And, so, to the Pope. He is everywhere recognized as a very great man. So recognized even by people who make a profession of their atheism—like Madalyn O'Hair, who having failed to bring up her own son as an atheist, perseveres with others' sons. But the Pope is more merely than a great magnetic field irradiating benevolence, love, charity, and mercy. He is for hundreds of millions of people the Vicar of Christ on Earth. For them there is an unbroken line (we call it apostolicity) between Christ, deputizing Peter as his first vicar, and the Pope. He is in most matters entirely fallible; and, as we have been sharply reminded, biologically human. The laws of nature tend to affect him as any other man. He is as vulnerable as—Christ himself.

Surely that is central to our reflection of the day's event. If Christ himself was permitted to be the object of irrational human passion, his non-divine successor must expect to endure the vicissitudes of human nature, one of them the freedom of every man to exercise his own free will, even if that will impels him to try to kill the Pope, or to slaughter all the Jews of the world, or to dispatch thirty million people to Gulag, or to attempt to eliminate all literates in Cambodia, or to kick a child in the stomach. What then does prayer mean to the Christian?

Isaac Bashevis Singer, in his comment on the attempted assassination, wondered whether we are not living in Sodom and Gomorrah. There is much evidence to sustain the analogy. The function of prayer is, now as then, the appeal to God to help us improve ourselves. And to command the forces of nature to suspend their normal pursuits within the human body of Pope John Paul II. David Hume the agnostic remarked that he would sooner believe the laws of nature had been suspended. But those around the world who have prayed do so in the conviction that there is someone to whom prayer can be addressed, in the hope that this one supplication, even if it comes from the bowels of Sodom and Gomorrah, will be answered. Let us, as they say, pray. □

KIRKPATRICK'S FOUR DISTINCTIONS

New York, May 22—In a single speech, delivered in early March to the Council on Foreign Relations in New York, Jeane Kirkpatrick, U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations, shed more light on the subject of human rights and national policy than all the candlepower of the UN Human Rights Commission has shed in a generation. Her statement has liberating force. Such is said about those few statements which cause the scales to fall from one's eyes, even as it happened to Saint Paul. Mrs. Kirkpatrick talked about four distinctions "crucial" to a consideration of human rights and national policy. They are worth memorizing.

The first of these is the distinction "between ideas and institutions."

If you will read the United Nations Declaration of Human Rights and the accompanying documents you will find a classic confusion of the two. The Declaration speaks about everything from the right to a fair trial, to the right to choose one's profession, to the right to self-government. Mrs. Kirkpatrick correctly insists that to *have*, let us say, democracy, is entirely different from envisioning it. A society in which the minority, defeated at the polls, declines to accept the political authority of the majority, mandated at the polls, cannot practice democracy. It can only dream about it. In such a society, the idea of democracy exists; but its institutionalization has yet to be. The heresy of supposing that ideas can become institutions merely by affirming them is correctly depicted by Michael Oakeshott as "rationalism"—"making politics as the crow flies."

The second distinction is between "rights and goals." The most recent session of the United Nations Human Rights Commission affirmed a "right to development." In order to have that right, all you have to do is take an undeveloped society, give it peace, order, an ethos, economic liberty, and capital. Such indeed are the goals, or should be, of all countries. But getting from here to there is a problem. "Such declarations of human rights," said Mrs. Kirkpatrick, "take on the character, as one critic said, of a letter to Santa Claus." With mischievous practical effect. "When the belief that one has a right to develop coincides with the facts of primitive psychology, of caste systems, social hierarchies, societies based

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on ascription, on dictatorships—and those are, of course, the characteristics of very many societies in the world that claim the right to development—then the tendency to blame someone is almost overwhelming." That someone is generally: The West; and particularly the United States.

The third distinction is between "intention and consequence." Mrs. Kirkpatrick gives as a concrete example, El Salvador. There, fighting side by side with the insurrectionists, are men and women whose intentions are in no significant respect different from those of President Reagan or Secretary Haig. But to intend something—in this case, such freedom and justice as Salvadoran institutions will sustain—is not to achieve it. Accordingly, responsible policy asks, *What is the likely consequence* of a policy, not merely, What are the intentions of its supporters. Experience establishes that, when Communists are in control of the dissident or insurrectionary movement, what will happen is worse than what had been happening.

And, finally, there is the distinction between "personal morality and political morality." To define virtue for an individual, one need look no further than to the Bible. But political morality requires any number of things, the privatization of which we would hardly encourage. Things like armaments, treaties, balances of power, propaganda, disinformation, war . . . All these, in proper context, are expressions of political morality—which, successfully arranged, promote the possibility for the exercise of private morality.

That such a person should be noisily rejected as a Commencement speaker by the students and faculty at Trinity College, Washington, is a moral lesson of its own. Trinity College will at last achieve public identification—as the college that rejected Mrs. Kirkpatrick. □

THE JEWS IN ARGENTINA

New York, May 20—Reading Anthony Lewis's column on the subject of General Haig and Argentina left one wondering whether, at home stretch, Mr. Lewis would succeed in finishing without collapsing from cardiac arrest. His cholic was aroused by the State Department's request, made to the House Foreign Affairs Committee, to resume selling arms to Argentina. General Haig, while conceding that Argentina is not a free society, evidently testified that Argentina and America shared certain values. What values? one congressman asked. Anti-Communism. What else? Haig apparently hesitated, but then said, "a belief in God." After General Haig left, Under Secretary James Buckley was questioned. Wrote Lewis, "Former Senator James Buckley . . . assured the Committee that the Argentine government was not involved in antisemitic acts."

Wrote Mr. Lewis: "There is a question here for the American Jewish community. Is it going to sit quietly by while a high official of its government says we share values—'a belief in God'—with a regime under which violent antisemitism has been practiced?"

And again, "Is the American Jewish community going to accept such statements [as made by Mr. Buckley]—such insults to common intelligence, in silence?"

Let us pause, and collect one's wit.

1) The United States wishes to permit the sale of arms to Argentina.

2) The State of Israel sells arms to Argentina—so, just to begin with, we are not doing anything Israel isn't doing.

3) Is it an "insult to common intelligence" to be ignorant of antisemitism in Argentina? Unfortunately, no.

Amnesty International, which in its 1980 report devotes more than eight pages to deploring the absence of civil liberties in Argentina, makes not a single mention of antisemitism in Argentina.

The following passage is from the annual report on Human Rights prepared by Assistant Secretary of State for Human Rights Patricia Derian and her staff, appointees of President Carter, published pursuant to the law in January of this year, which document General Haig and James Buckley reasonably relied on.

"In late 1978 [reads the U.S. Human Rights Report], the Argentine government invited the Inter-American Human Rights Commission to visit Argentina. That visit took place from September 6 to September 20, 1979." (The report goes on to describe the many persons interviewed by the Commission, including former prisoners, members of bereaved families, detention center inmates, etc.) The Commission recorded "a past pattern of large-scale human rights abuses." The Commission also "noted that the Argentine government cooperated fully with the Commission and that with the exception of Jehovah's Witnesses, freedom of religion prevails. It reported that there is no official policy of antisemitism, though in some instance, Jews have been the subject of discrimination."

If you are a Secretary of State, or an Under Secretary, these are the documents you rely upon. So much for the official record.

Now as it happens, Amnesty was wrong not to mention antisemitism in Argentina, and the Inter-American Human Rights Commission was wrong to content itself with a mere mention of "some instances" in which "Jews have been the subject of discrimination." And Brother James was wrong in his emphasis.

Anthony Lewis had recently read, and reviewed for the *New York Times*, an extraordinarily moving book by an Argentine Jew, Jacobo Timerman, in which the former newspaper publisher from Buenos Aires recounts experiences at the hands of Argentine security forces which might have been told by a survivor of a Nazi prison. Torture is torture, and there is no torture that is distinctively Nazi—in the sense, say, that the bastinado is Oriental, or the birch British. What is distinctive to the Nazis is the association of torture with race: and this was Timerman's experience in Argentina, so vividly described in his book.

I called Robert Cox at Harvard, to ask whether Timerman's experience was in any sense unique. Mr. Cox is the distinguished former editor of the English-language Buenos Aires newspaper. He left Argentina last year, after the political thugs threatened his children. Cox said a) antisemitism is culturally endemic in Argentina, "and, as a matter of fact, everywhere." b) When Cox last year was had up in an Argentine Prison for 24 hours for some technical infraction, he was astonished to find 'NAZI NACIONALISMO' painted on the wall of the police office. c) Most members of the Jewish community in Buenos Aires (including Mr. Timerman before he was put in jail) reason that it is better to ride out the storm than buck it. But d) Cox thinks that pressure from America would help.

What kind of pressure?

It's difficult to say. To refuse to sell them arms would be to refuse to do something Israel is willing to do, having presumably decided that this sanction is ineffective.

What, then? Well, said Cox, such pressure as the papal nuncio in Buenos Aires, recently transferred to Washington, was able to put on the regime. He apparently did much to mitigate Argentine criminal inclinations.

How so?

Because Argentinians, sinners like the rest of us, believe in God. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. A speech defect in which several words are run into one — 176 1 33 51 77 90 17 118 161 181 / 98 107 139

B. A HELP TO DINE (anagram) — 184 9 190 25 65 86 133 160 137 173

C. A camera attachment — 217 93 29 46 140 148 219 / 110

D. One of Paul's companions — 23 142 71 85 14 165 194 178

E. Postures or positions of the body — 99 30 124 73 143 62 132 94 115

F. The area in which a *particular organism* commonly occurs — 141 117 27 119 128 171 208 109 19 70

G. The space between any two contiguous fingers or toes — 150 11 64 39 72 95 100 60 197 222

H. Caught fish for profit — 154 20 75 34 174 130

I. This might be a tooth or a berth — 26 67 16 32 48

J. A song of lamentation for the dead — 158 96 169 155 182 35 126 192

K. This precedes a certain watering place — 162 10 37 41 186 50 69 82 105 116 / 201 159 108 125

L. Flotsam — 175 207 76 2 63 106 47 144 163

M. Removed blemishes from a negative — 187 214 52 195 38 4 87

N. A protein substance derived from plant leaves by the action of resorcinol — 45 31 8 28 55 120 146 172 193 112 / 131 152

O. A drunkard — 3 24 74 81 168

P. HUNTER TO-DO (anagram) — 61 209 211 216 5 13 167 196 36 101

Q. Corrected by removing errors — 68 97 218 6 205 88 202 156 185

R. A type of gull — 138 220 134 183 89 54 104 188 7

S. An English mathematician (1642-1727) — 145 170 79 179 111 59

T. Ready hospitality for everybody and his brother-in-law — 164 221 189 78 83 136 113 123 198

U. This is produced from light-colored grapes — 180 103 223 114 210 200 56 53 213

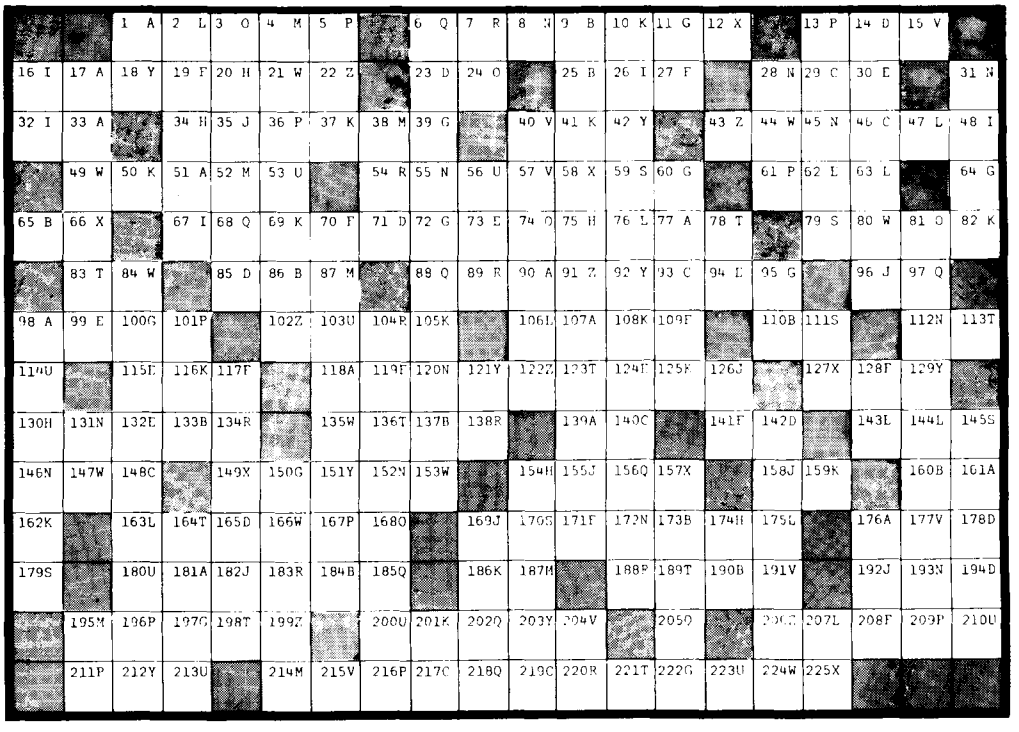
V. To utter hastily in excitement — 15 191 177 40 57 204 215

W. A small straight incision into a cavity or organ — 49 147 153 166 224 21 80 44 135 84

X. Moving in a small whirlpool — 66 149 157 127 58 225 12

Y. What the suburbanite did every day in order to get to work — 92 212 129 18 121 203 42 151

Z. Taunted — 102 206 91 22 199 122 43



DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 686 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

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